New Republic

NOVEMBER 15, 1948

DAMN THE TORPEDOES!

The ten-year interregnum of arming, fighting and reconverting is over. Reaction is repudiated. The New Deal is again empowered to carry forward the promise of American life. Nothing less than a new era of reform has been demanded by America and nothing less will Americans accept. The government they have called for, and the government they shall have, is one whose watchword is: *Damn the torpedoes. . . . Full speed ahead!* The impulse which swept the Democratic Party to power

continued on page 5

5¢

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It will continue to take *teamwork*, but if we work together, there's no limit on what we can all *share together* of even greater things.

What we have already accomplished is just a foretaste of what we *can* do—if we continue to *work together!*

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New Republic

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WASHINGTON WIRE

WE MUST clear the litter off our desk now that the election is over. Here are the crystal-ball readings of soothsayers Gallup, Roper and Crossley. Out they go! Here is that *Newsweek* survey of 50 Washington political writers all predicting Dewey. (Make a note, Mabel, to try to get us invited when *Newsweek* awards its prize for the best forecast.) Let's see, here is *Life* with its photograph of "the next President" crossing San Francisco Bay. It's the man with the dimples. Throw away that *Time* indicating a GOP sweep. Now here's the preëlection survey of the Sunday New York *Times* from correspondents in 48 states indicating Dewey 345 electoral votes, Truman 105. There's a good diagram, too, of the next Republican Congress. Toss that out. Here are those columns about the Dewey administration by Drew Pearson, Mark Childs, Walter Lippmann, the Alsops and others. Guess they'll be no use to us now.

We rather think we'll keep that 32-page edition of *Kiplinger Magazine* mailed out just before the polls closed. There it lay in the post office, irrecoverable, while the tortured editors gaped at the incredible returns. Here's one we certainly shall keep, lovingly and affectionately: the Home Edition of that sprightly old Chicago *Tribune* with the banner "Dewey Defeats Truman" over the top, and the lead article by Arthur Sears Henning, beginning, "Dewey and Warren won the presidential election yesterday by a large majority of electoral votes."

What's that, Mabel? What shall you do with last week's TRB column explaining Dewey's victory? Don't be impudent, girl! Burn it, burn it, and all the others. And stop in at Woolworth's as you go to lunch and buy us a new crystal ball, dearie; this one seems to have a slight crack in it.

No political writer who sat through the astonishing returns last week will ever forget them. There was personal humiliation for us as a prophet, but a glowing and wonderful sense that the American people couldn't be ticketed by polls, knew its own mind and had picked the rather unlikely but courageous figure of Truman to carry on its banner.

As the Truman trend became unmistakable, all those anonymous reports from obscure communities seemed to join together in one voice: "We aren't conservatives, as you thought, but liberal. We are less easily fooled than you supposed. The New Deal is not dead; it is the great living reality of our times."

So now we have in the White House a man with the most radical platform in presidential history. On the basis of two months of campaign speechmaking, Truman is well to the Left of the Roosevelt New Deal. On the negative side, we have a President who will certainly block outrageous drives by special interests, like the tidelands-oil grab. On the positive side, Truman at many places in his speeches went beyond Roosevelt.

Take power, for instance: Truman advocates government ownership and operation of transmission lines from government dams right up to the consumers' electric stoves. "Public distribution of publicly produced power" was what he repeatedly told the West. In the field of health insurance, Truman formulates an extension of the Roosevelt policies that goes well beyond the New Deal. In general, Truman made his campaign on the idea that what used to be called "socialism" needs to be extended. Instead of recoiling from the awful proposal, the public elected him and gave him a Democratic Congress.

Can Truman carry such a program

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through? We have our fingers crossed. Such men as Joe Ball, Harold Knutson, Curly Brooks and other troglodytes have disappeared from the legislature, but there is the same latent conservative coalition lying in wait in Congress, scared but powerful. Truman's own victory bears analysis. It was the smallest popular plurality in 32 years. The turnout of voters was 'way down in one of the most apathetic contests in years, however electrifying its outcome.

There is some evidence that Gallup and the others really turned the election by lulling Republicans into blissful overconfidence while energetic labor leaders got out and worked. This, of course, is Dewey's post-election position, and it makes a nice alibi. As against it, there are three shattering facts. The power of organized labor to act politically, when united, can no longer be discounted. A whole slew of pro-Taft-Hartley Representatives were knocked off. Second, the farmers voted Democratic. For our money, Iowa's going Democratic is the single most astonishing thing in the whole election.

What does it mean? That farmers no more want to go back to laissez-faire GOP economics than do other voters. Finally one more political dogma is knocked higher than a kite: that a small vote aids Republicans. The theory was that the low-income group was politically less self-conscious than the upper groups. Like the idea that prosperous farmers "always vote Republican," this one just doesn't seem to be true any longer.

For the fifth time in succession the voters have contemptuously disregarded the presidential candidate whom the American editorial writers picked for them. This time, between 80 and 90 percent of all the daily newspapers were on the minority side. It makes one wonder. Isn't it possible for a newspaper to make money and still represent the majority? It wasn't only Dewey who got a black eye on Election Day; the American press is also sporting a shiner.

Washington T. R. B.

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New Republic

DAMN THE TORPEDOES!

(continued from cover)

came from every kind of American—worker and farmer, Negro and white, young and old. It came from every corner of America—the South and New England, the Northwest and, above all, the Middle West, whose empires of isolation, corruption and hatred of labor were decisively broken. It came from a people who understood that beneath the cross-currents of 1948, two philosophies were in basic conflict—one maintaining that the needs of the people are not pressing and are best met by private philanthropy, the other affirming that these needs are urgent and must be met by democratic government in the service of all the people.

Offered these two philosophies, Americans made their choice. They voted their disbelief in peace by subordination to Soviet policy and their belief in peace by negotiation with the USSR. They rejected Communist thinking disguised as progress, and vicious intolerance disguised as anti-communism. They elected a President and a Congress committed to the most radical program presented by a major party in our lifetime. It provides for the quick repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act and the prompt enactment of legislation for control of inflation, low-cost public housing and the enforcement of civil rights, for extended social security, compulsory health insurance and federal aid to education, for a 75-cent minimum wage, for national planning to ensure permanent prosperity and for progressive taxation to finance these programs. That is the covenant for reform which Americans and their government intend to keep.

It calls for a time between January and June as fruitful as the hundred days of 1933, when the New Deal first took shape. If the urgency is less, the task is easier. Then, legislation was written on the backs of envelopes in hotel rooms, by men new to government. Now needs have been defined in hearings, and legislation is prepared.

The opposition is also prepared. Many torpedoes will be fired at our ship of state on its hundred-day voyage. A press still soiled from burying Truman now embraces him as risen from the dead and prepares his new grave. Heavy industry, whose ten-year strike of the thirties was called against the enactment of the first New Deal, threatens again to strike and force depression if promised reforms are enacted. "Don't rock the boat" and "Unity against Russia" are slogans of a developing counter-attack as strong as that which reduced Roosevelt's mandate for reform to ashes in a few months of bitter struggle.

"As our case is new we must seek anew and act anew." We have a *new* government with a *new* mandate. Its future turns on the speed with which we can disenthrall ourselves.

As liberals we had lost faith in the people and in ourselves. We had seen ourselves as the exiles of the interior, retreating in disorder before a conservative advance. Now liberalism has been given the authority of government. Is it able to take the full responsibility? The problem is not one of outward detail but of inner will. It is: Can we think and act now as the majority? Can we rid ourselves of the paralyzing doubts, prejudices and suspicions concerning an administration whose past weaknesses can now be overcome? Can we see this government as our government, and so, make it ours? Can we provide the leaven of leadership that will lift a sudden impulse to the level of a sustained and growing force? The problem is: *Can we take the offensive?*

Our first need is a government which believes fully and completely in the President's program. Coalition and conservatism have placed in every government department honest reactionaries and dishonest liberals. Neither belong in the new administration. The demand of conservatives for responsible party movement was a just and proper demand. It is now our demand. It means running the tories out of high posts in government and bringing the liberals in. It means replacing bipartisan policy with liberal policy, and reducing the bipartisan role of the Republicans from dictation to consultation, from preëminence to token support.

Our second need is a Democratic Party which believes fully in the President's program. For responsible party government requires also a responsible party, united in support of its program. This program, including civil-rights legislation, should be presented to an early caucus of all Democrats in Washington. At their meeting the roll should be called, and the Southerners given the choice of renouncing the Dixiecrats and ac-

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cepting the party program, or being expelled. There is a need beyond this for a continuous caucus while Congress is in session, for a revival of the lost art of liaison between Congress and the executive, and for the reorganization of the Democratic Party in recognition of its new leadership and of the necessity for continuous organized activity.

Our third need is for a Congress free to act. In every essential phase of domestic legislation, the subordination of the 80th Congress to the special interests led to government by the lobbies. Responsible party government requires that Congress take back from the lobbies the role of formulating legislation and carrying it through. The lobbies, swollen to inordinate power, may have lost one weapon in a discredited press. But by mobilizing all vested interests in each congressional district against new legislation, they can harden the old and conservative and paralyze the young and untried. The only safe way to clear this roadblock is to start the new Congress with an investigation into the great lobbies and the millions they have spent, legally and illegally, to defeat social legislation.

In these ways, the liberal-labor alliance which scored so brilliantly on the second of November can win lasting success, giving new standards to American democracy and new hope to the free world.

THE WEEK

It Was Not Magic That Won

HARRY TRUMAN won this election because Franklin Roosevelt had worked so well. The President staked everything on his conviction that the progressive principles of the New Deal have become an integral part of the average American's view of life. And he was right.

There can be no denying any more that the Democratic Party of the New Deal has become the majority party. It is no longer the "emergency" party, to be called into service only when depression or disaster overtakes the country. The electorate has moved far enough to adopt the slightly left-of-center Democratic Party as its normal political voice, and from now on the GOP will have to adjust itself to being the extraordinary in American politics.

Truman is no miracle man, as some are calling him. It was not magic that won. The main credit goes to organized labor, which has finally learned to organize politically as well as economically, and to the millions of independent voters who remembered the lessons they learned under Hoover.

The people who participated in the election had matured to the point of voting for the Roosevelt issues without benefit of the Roosevelt personality. They recognized Dewey as a front for men bent on restoring special privilege.

Farmers were disturbed by the prospect that the Republicans might cut off rural electrification, price support and the grain-storage program of the Commodity Credit Corporation.

Labor, fearing an even stronger straitjacket than the Taft-Hartley Act, joined in really unified political action in the crucial election districts of the country. The CIO-PAC alone had 80,000 full-time workers on duty in key districts on Election Day.

Negro voters stood by Truman as loyally as they ever did for Roosevelt. Reports from Harlem show roughly 90,000 votes for Truman to 25,000 for Dewey and 21,000 for Wallace. In no other major Negro area was the Wallace vote even that good.

Harry Truman's personal role in his own amazing victory must not be belittled. Unquestionably the fighting spirit he showed throughout his campaign vastly increased his attractiveness to the American people. Never again can it be seriously argued that elections are not affected by the final weeks of a campaign.

The President's cabinet, with only two or three exceptions, was flagrantly AWOL during the fight. Clark Clifford, speech writer John Carter, and two or three other close White House advisers, were alone in urging Truman to keep hewing to the New Deal line.

While Dewey talked of what he termed attempts to divide America into classes, he overlooked the fact that his own Republicans in the 80th Congress had welded them together into a solid front against Republicanism. This is borne out in the following reports the *New Republic* has gathered from coast to coast.

Mother of Presidents

CLEVELAND (NR correspondent)

WHEN THE LOSS of Ohio led Governor Dewey to concede defeat, organized labor knew that its gigantic political efforts had been amply repaid. Ohio was a happy place for the pay-off, because it was in this state that labor had worked harder and with greater efficiency than in any other.

Even on election day it was the labor organizations that were doing the footwork and telephone canvassing ordinarily done by political parties. But the Democratic state organization, split by feuds and short of funds, was not functioning well. By this time labor's precinct workers knew their jobs because it was they who had given Ohio a record preëlection registration carefully concentrated in the strong labor districts.

Next to swinging Ohio to Truman, labor was proudest of defeating Rep-

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resentative George Bender, who rang Senator Taft's cowbells at the Philadelphia convention. Bender had been congressman-at-large and was swept out along with seven other Republican Representatives who voted for Taft-Hartley. Now the composition of the Ohio congressional delegation changes from 4 Democrats and 19 Republicans to 12 Democrats and 11 Republicans.

Labor's only defeats were not important ones. Representative Frances P. Bolton retained her seat in the 22nd District, though labor-sponsored Jack Day got almost 48 percent of the total vote in a district historically Republican. The AFL had endorsed Republican Governor Tom Herbert for re-election, while both AFL and CIO opposed the Democratic candidate, Frank J. Lausche, who won. These failed to dim labor's triumphs.

Corn and the Colonel

CHICAGO (NR correspondent)

IN ILLINOIS the price of corn is more important than anything Colonel McCormick has to say. Corn-conscious farmers from downstate share with urban labor leaders and the Cook County Democratic organization the credit for swinging conservative Illinois to Truman and electing a liberal Senator and Governor.

The farm vote was perhaps the biggest surprise in Illinois. No one had realized exactly how mad the farmers were at the 80th Congress for cutting down the Commodity Credit Corporation's steel-bin storage from 300 million to 50 million bushels. The result of that action was a drop in corn prices and the farmers were afraid that this was just the beginning of what they could expect from a Republican administration.

Downstate the vote was lighter than usual, but large numbers who normally would vote Republican cast their ballots for Adlai Stevenson, who ended up with a plurality of 58,000, the largest of all the candidates. Stevenson's strong campaign received considerable help from exposés of the Green machine corruption made by Marshall Field's Chicago *Sun-Times* and the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. Both Stevenson and the victorious senatorial candidate, Paul Douglas, also had effective support from the high-minded, good-government people who were impressed by Mayor Kennelly's wholehearted endorsement (Kennelly is highly respected by many Republicans).

Jake Arvey's regular Democratic organization was a bit slow in helping the liberals, but came through handsomely in the end. There was no doubt that the giant rally Arvey staged for Truman at the Chicago Stadium gave Truman a boost.

And labor worked hard. The AFL had 12,000 bell pushers and volunteer workers scurrying around the state; the CIO had 5,000. Three of labor's bitterest enemies were confounded—Fred Busbey; Richard Vail, of the Un-American Activities Committee; and Robert Twyman. All three were strong supporters of the T-H Act and got sound lickings. In fact, the Illinois congressional delegation now shifts from 20 Republicans and 6 Democrats to 14 Democrats and 12 Republicans.

This year there were approximately 525,000 straight Democratic votes, or 51 percent, which was higher than in the best Roosevelt years. There were only 275,000 straight Republican votes.

Colonel McCormick's *Tribune* came out on election night with a banner headline: "Dewey Defeats Truman." Next day the doughty Colonel chastised Dewey as being a "me too" candidate. Those were mild words, considering the fact that McCormick in one stunning blow had lost the State House in Springfield and his personal mouthpiece in the US Senate, the unlamented "Curly" Brooks.

Thanks

READERS were extremely generous in response to the *New Republic's* appeal for contributions to the campaign funds of liberal candidates who were fighting crucial battles in the election. All of them won: Helen Gahagan Douglas in California; Chester Bowles in Connecticut; Matthew Neely in West Virginia; Estes Kefauver in Tennessee; Paul Douglas and Adlai Stevenson in Illinois. In each case the aid of the *New Republic* and its readers was a substantial help to victory. We and the candidates are most grateful to all contributors.

Cradle of Liberty

BOSTON (NR correspondent)

ANYONE who wants to know how unity works need only look at the election returns from Massachusetts. Here the AFL, CIO and Railway Brotherhoods have just completed their first joint political effort. From a national viewpoint, the most important result was to swing Massachusetts to Truman, but for thousands of workingmen throughout the Bay State there were far more significant accomplishments. Some of the most dangerous anti-labor measures ever proposed were the main targets of labor's united front.

By more than two to one, it defeated a measure to abolish the closed and union shops, and even the maintenance-of-membership clause in union contracts. Two other referenda, one which would have barred rank-and-file nominations and another which would have counted absentee members as voting for the boss in strike ballots, were defeated despite misleading phraseology on the ballots. The measures would have imposed heavy criminal penalties of fines and imprisonment for any violations. They were so stringent that in the end it was the reactionaries who paid the penalties.

The GOP state ticket was snowed under. The state legislature for the first time in history will be dominated by the Democrats. Only Senator Leverett Saltonstall, opposed by an unknown, survived in statewide office.

The combination of unity in labor's ranks, a good Democratic organization and a big Catholic turnout gave President Truman a record 259,352 plurality, more than double FDR's 113,946 in 1944. Secretary of Labor Maurice J. Tobin helped. Boston's Mayor Curley knifed nobody but Republicans. And even the public utilities chipped in to back a Democratic

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winner, Paul A. Dever, against Governor Bradford.

Catholics turned out by tens of thousands because of a referendum which their church opposed. They gave a thumping defeat to a measure which would have permitted doctors to give contraceptive advice to married women whose life or health is threatened by child-bearing.

The Wallace vote, as elsewhere, was lower than expected—under 40,000, compared with 110,000 who had signed Wallace petitions. In the Second Congressional District the Progressives helped Democrat Foster Furcolo take a seat away from Republican Charles R. Clason. But joint Democratic-Progressive support for Walter O'Brien in the Tenth District was not enough to defeat Representative Christian Herter, who had supported ERP.

Boston papers, like those of the rest of the country, had whole pages of Dewey pictures locked up in composing-room forms ready for a Republican victory. As the returns rolled in Tuesday night the printers cheered each time they got orders to throw another batch of pictures into the hellbox, where unused type is dumped. By morning the hellboxes of Boston were overflowing.

A South Divided

MEMPHIS (NR correspondent)

THE SIZE of the Dixiecrat electoral vote—40—was the only consolation the poll takers had the day after election. Governor J. Strom Thurmond and his running mate, Fielding Wright, won precisely the proportion of the electoral total the pollsters had allotted to their ticket: Alabama, 11; South Carolina, 8; Mississippi, 9; Louisiana, 10; plus 2 maverick electors out of Tennessee's 12. In popular vote, too, the Dixiecrats came close to fulfilling their own expectations. When all the votes are in, the States' Righters will approach the million mark, very close to Wallace's total.

The voters of the South won't have a chance to act for or against the Dixiecrats now occupying top posts in the regular Democratic organization in many states until the primary elections of 1950. Until then, the relationship of the Solid South to the national party will remain confused.

There does not seem to be definite agreement even among the leaders of the Dixiecrats on the course of the future. Governor Thurmond hastened to congratulate President Truman on his victory. He has insisted to all who would listen that he is still a Democrat, that the States' Righters are Democrats, and that the civil-rights rebellion, after all, was a "fight within our own family." But more of the top leaders of the revolt agree with Alabama's leading Dixiecrat, State Democratic Chairman Gessner T. McCorvey, who said: "We may be temporarily defeated, but we are not going to give up. If we could have gotten a few other Southern states to go along with us, we would have had the balance of power. We are going to work toward that four years from now."

Dixiecrat and Republican leaders in Tennessee are able to get some encouragement from the fact that the combined States' Rights and Republican votes equal the Truman total. Efforts will now be made to effect a working coalition of these two groups into a single conservative party. Neither has a chance of standing alone in the face of the smashing victories of the Democratic candidates, Estes Kefauver for the US Senate, Gordon Browning for Governor, and President Truman.

The weakness of Ed Crump in his home county, as revealed in this election, does not encourage Dixiecrat hopes. Although Boss Crump sent down the word for the Thurmond ticket, it ran ahead of the Truman-Barkley ticket by only 2,000. In his heyday, Crump could have counted a 55,000 plurality for any candidate of his choice. At the same time, Kefauver and Browning piled up three-to-one majorities over Crump's private choices, Carroll Reece and Roy Acuff, in the Memphis stronghold.

Despite the popular verdict, three of Tennessee's 12 electoral votes could be taken from Truman, and at least one of them is regarded as certain for the Dixiecrats. Preston Parks of Fayette County, one of two to go for Thurmond, remained adamant against Truman. One electoral post is in legal question as a result of the resignation of a Crump man as a Democratic elector, too late to have his name removed from the ballot.

Unions and Co-ops

MINNEAPOLIS (NR correspondent)

MINNESOTANS cleaned house. The people were tired of the congressional activities of their "big" names—Republican Senator Joseph Ball and Representative Harold Knutson. Both had disregarded the requests of the large farm and labor groups in the state, and had made an anti-reciprocal-trade, anti-labor, anti-European-aid record.

Minneapolis Mayor Hubert H. Humphrey rolled Ball out of the Senate by better than 100,000 votes. Harold Knutson, the 80th Congress' champion tax reducer, lost his House seat to a Democratic-Farmer-Labor newcomer, Fred Marshall. The Republicans also lost two other Representatives—Edward Devitt was defeated by Eugene J. McCarthy, a young college sociology instructor, and George MacKinnon lost to Roy Wier, an AFL union official.

The D-F-L decisively won, in a state that, before Roosevelt, had been traditionally Republican, because of labor's fine get-out-the-vote job. While Knutson, confident of his own victory, was campaigning for Ball, labor blanketed the district with pictures of Marshall in overalls. Humphrey, the first Democrat to go to the Senate from Minnesota, covered every square foot of the state.

The campaign issues were clear-cut and close to Minnesotans. President Truman hammered away at the Republicans' views on farm-price supports and rural electrification. Humphrey hit again and again at Ball's stand on corporative taxation on co-ops. In a state with as many co-ops as Minnesota, that was good politics. And there were GOP blunders. Harold Stassen's

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speech accusing the government of using supports to keep up prices and his general attack on the Department of Agriculture buttressed some of the Democratic claims of Republican unconcern for the farmer.

The Prodigal State

NEW YORK CITY

NEW YORK hesitated for a moment on election night. Then it stood still and watched the Democratic Parade go by. Yet the tremendous liberal vote cast by New Yorkers carried Truman within 43,000 of Dewey in his home state. It swept Brooklyn and Queens for the Democratic Party and sent 8 additional Democrats to Congress.

The Democratic Party varied greatly in performance. Ed Flynn made a real effort; so did Paul Fitzpatrick and the group of young liberals who ran the state committee. They ignored the sit-down strike of New York's aging conservative Democrats and made full use of young men and trade-union leaders. In many districts they failed because deadwood and senility had deprived aggressive liberal candidates of organized support. Worst of all, Tammany Hall, which last spring had disgraced the party by offering an associate of the underworld the key job of Surrogate, made no effort for Truman.

Labor did well, less well than in other states because it is still divided. Left-wing control of the CIO's City Industrial Council prevented a united CIO campaign. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers worked in isolation and without enthusiasm. But in the industrial cities upstate, steel and auto workers did a fine job.

The Liberal Party vote scored in helping to elect a liberal Republican as Surrogate. It failed when it supported a conservative Republican against Marcantonio. Its best work was for Representative Jake Javits, who defeated Mayor O'Dwyer's brother.

The ALP set out to kill off the Democratic Party and ended up still hoping to hold the balance of power. It failed. Its vote cost Truman the state and Tammany the Surrogate's office. Its powerful East Harlem machine sent Marcantonio back to Washington with 35 percent of the votes cast for the three congressional candidates. But its best state leaders were defeated. Its most promising candidate, Leo Isacson, was beaten seven to four. Its national figure, Lee Pressman, was inundated. The immense labors of the Progressive Party gave the ALP 15,000 votes over its 1944 total.

Generally, New York liberals are hopeful and expect to rejoin the nation politically in 1950. The first step will be the repudiation by the CIO convention of its left-wing City Council, leading to a new council and an active and united state CIO-PAC.

The Coast Helps Congress

SAN FRANCISCO (NR correspondent)

BY THE TIME the votes were counted, California's contribution was not necessary to elect President Truman, but it was vital in making the 81st a better Congress. California sent back to Congress Helen Gahagan Douglas, Chet Holifield, Franck Havenner and others with sound liberal records, raising the number of Democrats in the California delegation from nine to ten.

Two Democratic House seats vacated by Clarence F. Lea and Alfred J. Elliott were captured by Republicans, but in exchange the Democrats won three others. In Fresno, Cecil White beat Bertrand W. Gearhart, favorite of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company. In San Diego, George Fletcher, the real-estate owners' lobbyist, was soundly trounced by Clinton McKinnon. In Los Angeles, liberal Clyde Doyle ousted Willis Bradley.

Governor Warren's home state would have gone down the line for him and Dewey except that labor turned out in force.

One of the biggest surprises was the small vote polled by Henry Wallace and his Independent Progressive Party. They got fewer than 200,000, mostly from extreme left-wingers.

The same was true in Washington and Oregon, where the Progressive vote had no effect on the outcome. Washington went for Truman but rejected his buddy, Governor Mon C. Wallgren. In the Seattle-Bremerton district, Hugh Mitchell, a veteran of the 79th Congress with a solidly liberal record, won over Homer Jones.

Alone in the Far West, Oregon plumped for Dewey, probably because of his strenuous primary campaign there when he debated Stassen.

Yankees Know Prices

HARTFORD (NR correspondent)

CONNECTICUT is a small state. If a politician starts campaigning early enough, he can shake hands with almost all the voters. Chester Bowles started the day he won his nomination, August 15. On the other hand, the Republicans were so confident that incumbent Governor Shannon would sail in on a GOP tide that they ignored Bowles until the middle of October. By that time, the personable former chief of the OPA had sold his bill of goods—lower prices, better housing, old-age assistance and higher wages—and the campaign was under control.

In the last-hour frenzy, Governor Shannon said of his opponent, "Anything he can do I can do better." But the people didn't think so, and Bowles pulled through with a 2,200 margin. Truman showed surprising strength. Five days before the election he visited Connecticut, was greeted by 100,000 in Hartford and 50,000 more in Bridgeport, New Haven, New London and Norwich. Although Democratic Party leaders had expected him to lose the Republican state by 75,000, the final margin was only 15,000.

The issues on which Bowles based his campaign appealed to the workers. Labor turned out strongly and coöperated closely with the regular Democratic organization, even furnishing cars to deliver voters to the polls.

The people not only gave Bowles the governorship but handed him a state senate controlled, 22 to 14, by Democrats. The GOP is already worried that Bowles may be reëlected in 1950 when four-year terms for Governor start for the first time.

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HOPE ON THE HORIZON: EAST AND WEST

THE ROUT of the Kuomintang's armies in Manchuria was a bad enough blow for Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. From the long view, the defeat of Governor Dewey was perhaps worse. Now the Luce-Chennault crowd, on which Chiang had been counting for "sympathetic understanding" and even greater help, will not dominate a Republican-run State Department. Now the mission to Nanking of Bill Bullitt turns out to be a sleeveless errand. And now, finally, the handwriting may really be on the wall for the man who has played the major role in China's troubled destinies for a dozen years.

Chiang has had downs as well as ups since he became chairman of the Kuomintang's Military Affairs Commission and commander of the northern expeditionary forces in 1926. No reverse has been quite as bad as the series of Communist victories during the last fortnight. And while Chiang's best US-equipped and US-trained armies have been smashed, he has been having disasters on other fronts—political, economic, psychological. Three times he was just barely able to talk Premier Wong Wen-hao out of resigning.

Since the Communists succeeded in taking a great city—Tsinan, capital of Shantung—they have begun to look like the military masters of north China as well as of Manchuria. One after another, Changchun, Changchow, Kaifeng, Chefoo and Yingkow have been overrun. In each case, large bodies of Chiang's best troops have been captured or reduced to rabble, and much valuable modern military equipment has been taken by soldiers who apparently know how to use it. Beyond Taiyuan and Sian lies Suchow, key to the Yangtze region, only 170 miles north of Nanking. The Communist threat to north China is so serious that the State Department has advised Americans to leave the Nanking-Shanghai area.

Perhaps the most eloquent proof of Chiang's personal disaster is his admission that Communist propaganda has won over large numbers of Chinese, even in Nationalist territory, to the promise of democracy and liberty. This has taken place despite the gigantic sums of American money poured into the Kuomintang rat hole. More dollars will go to China under ECA—if Roger Lapham's pleas are heeded by Paul Hoffman—but Chiang must know that there won't be enough to buy him out of his debacle. Whether or not General Marshall remains as Secretary of State, it is logical to assume that his successor will not take a better view of Chiang.

Surely, the steady defection of the Chinese from the Generalissimo's futile policies must mean that the overwhelming majority of the Chinese people want their equivalent of a New Deal—a decent, democratic future tied neither to the Kremlin nor to Wall Streeters in the US. And the Democratic success in last week's election can only mean that our own people want liberalism. The moral is plain: the coincidence of Chiang's new defeat with Truman's new victory amounts to a new opportunity for US policy in China.

For a change, the news from France isn't the sort to bring gloom to friends of French liberal democracy. It's not so much that the increasingly wobbly Third Force has been able to get a grip on itself; but rather that the two greatest enemies of the middle course seem to have overreached themselves.

In the labor movement, the anti-Communist Workers' Force and Christian Workers' groups appear to have gained strength because the Communist-dominated CGT mismanaged the coal strike. At the start, the strike had both economic and political motives. Before it was finished the CGT so plainly made it a political weapon against the government and ECA that large numbers of workers rebelled; there was a revulsion of public opinion, by no means only on the Right and Center, that helped the moderate elements in the labor movement. Though the strikes are not ended, it already seems plain that the Communists themselves have put a dull edge on their sharpest instrument.

On the political scene, the rightist parties won control of the Council of the Republic, a purely advisory body which replaces the old and usually conservative Senate. General Charles de Gaulle's RPF shared in the victory, but the elections weren't any personal triumph for him. On the contrary, he was so tactless and arrogant in hand-picking candidates that a number of his henchmen resigned. For example, in the Gaullist party committee in Meurthe-et-Moselle, 23 of the 25 members quit. And rightist groups backed candidates other than de-Gaulle's.

True to form, de Gaulle refused to make concessions, but once again got rhetorical about the grave dangers to France, which he alone (and in his own inimitable way) could face. This time the dangers were what he called domestic "anarchy" and "a threat from without." He appealed for support to end "a period of decline in France's strength." The Third Force hopes he will keep on talking and acting this way, apparently on the sound theory that he will thereby accomplish a decline in his personal prestige and strength.

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MAN'S DEATH IS THE PROBLEM

by Andre Malraux

Andre Malraux is best known in this country as the author of the novel, Man's Fate, *and as one of the founders of the anti-Fascist International Brigades during the Spanish civil war. For more than 20 years he was an outstanding figure of the European political Left, an artist and intellectual who was also a man of action. He has written not only novels but films and political tracts, and has been an editor of* La Nouvelle Revue Francaise. *In China and Indo-China in his early years, as a fighter in Spain, and as a colonel during the Resistance, he was so much a man of the Left that he was often considered a Communist.*

Now he is political adviser and chief propagandist for a man of the Right, General de Gaulle. And recently, as the author of The Psychology of Art, *he has been acquiring a reputation as a theorist of culture.*

The deep reasons for the change in Malraux are not clear. Other former Communists have become anti-Communists; but for the man who wrote Man's Fate *to proclaim de Gaulle as France's destiny is a special case.*

Change was the theme of a speech Malraux made to a gathering of intellectuals in the Salle Pleyel in Paris, his subject was the metamorphosis of culture. Without agreeing with Malraux, but in the hope that his remarks may throw some light on his personal metamorphosis, we publish excerpts from his "Address to the Intellectuals." They are taken from a stenographic record published in Le Cheval de Troie, *edited at that time by Father Raymond-Leopold Bruckberger (see "The Shame of France," the* New Republic, *November 1).*

THE EUROPEAN SPIRIT is the object of a double metamorphosis. While the political myth of the internationale is dying, an unprecedented internationalization of culture is taking place. From the great voice of Michelet to the great voice of Jaurès, throughout the last century there was a kind of avowal that one became more a man in proportion as one was less tied to one's fatherland. This was neither pettiness nor error; it was the form of hope of the time. Victor Hugo believed that the United States of Europe would create itself easily and that it would be the prelude to the United States of the world. Now the United States of Europe is being created in pain, and the United States of the world is not yet here.

What we have learned is that the great gesture of disdain with which Russia abandons the song, the "Internationale," sweeps away in a single stroke the dreams of the nineteenth century. We know that one will not be more a man in proportion as one is less French—one simply will be more Russian. For better or worse, we are tied to the fatherland. And we know that we will not create the new European without France; whether we like it or not, we must create the European on the basis of the fatherland.

While this immense hope was dying, while every man was being thrown back upon his fatherland, a profusion of works entered into universal culture. Baudelaire hardly knew three centuries of forms; any student now knows three millennia. A hundred years ago no one had heard the Mass of Charles V by William de Machault; to hear it would have required a fortune beyond the means of any Maecenas. The banal Maecenas of our time is the maker of phonograph records. . . . The cinema was born. A Hindu woman who watches "Anna Karenina" weeps perhaps over the idea of love of the Russian Tolstoy as expressed by a Swedish actress directed by an American. . . .

In this hall tonight we can say without ridicule: "You who are here, you are the first generation of heirs of the whole world."

Every one of the cultures of the past addressed itself to only part of man. That of the Middle Ages was primarily of the soul; that of the eighteenth century primarily of the spirit. From age to age successive cultures superimposed themselves one upon another; they have become fused only in their heirs. And heritage is always a metamorphosis. Only in the heir is there produced the metamorphosis from which life is born.

Who claims this metamorphosis today? The United States, the Soviet Union, Europe. . . . Let us spare ourselves that absurd Manicheism that has become fashionable when America and Russia are in question. What we think about Russian policy toward our country is clear: we think the same forces that made Russia support France at the Liberation make her now implacably oppose France; and we intend to put these things in good order. But Stalin means nothing against Dostoevsky, no more than the genius of Moussorgsky guarantees the policy of Stalin.

Let us examine first the claims of the United States to the cultural heritage of the world. There is in America no culture that can be considered specifically American. This notion is an invention of the Europeans. The Americans believe theirs is a special way of life. They consider America a country without roots; an urban country. One that does not have the old and deep relation with trees and stones wherein the oldest talents of China and of the West found their union. A rootless country that has over us the advantage of the ability and desire to welcome equally all the heritages of the world; a country whose every leading museum exhibits in the same room Roman statues gazing from afar upon our West, and Tang statues gazing from afar upon Chinese civilization.

America now puts her imprint on the mass arts: the radio, the cinema, the press. America has a special romanticism. There is a sort of American attitude toward the world, a permanent reduction of the world to its romantic content. . . .

But the fact is that America has

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never conceived of herself culturally in relationship to us as a part of the world; *she has always conceived of herself as a part of OUR world.* There is less American art than there are American artists. American culture, conceived of as distinct from our culture, is purely and simply an invention of the Europeans. And no hypothesis of specifically American culture, opposed to ours, can stand except in the precise measure of Europe's surrender.

It is difficult to consider Russia a European country. St. Petersburg gave (and Leningrad still gives) the impression of a European "establishment," of a huge imperial shop of the West—stores, barracks, domes—a New Delhi of the North. Yet to consider the Russians Asiatics is mockery. One should not take the maps too seriously: Russia is neither in Europe nor in Asia—she is in Russia; as Japan is neither in China nor in America.

At certain moments, Italy, Spain, France, England have dominated European culture. All these countries have in common the cultural myth of Greece and of Rome, and the heritage of 15 centuries of common Christianity. This last heritage counts most; and the heritage of Byzantium weighs so heavily on Russia that Russian painting has never been able completely to liberate itself. Stalin now evokes Basil II at least as much as Peter the Great.

Russia entered Western culture only in the nineteenth century, through her music and her novelists. What separates Russia from us is Oriental dogmatism. Stalin believes in his truth, and his truth has no margins. Tolstoy, as soon as he broke away from the West, did not believe the less in his; and the genius of Dostoevsky throughout his life was put at the service of an indomitable preachment. Russia has had no Renaissance, no Athens, no Bacon, no Montaigne.

There has always been in Russia something spartan and something byzantine. Sparta can easily be integrated with the West; Byzantium cannot. Today one can see in the frantic industrialization of this immense agricultural country, attempted in the last

DRAWING BY WILLIAM SHARP

30 years, the most furious effort at westernization since Peter the Great. "Catch and pass America." But the Russian spirit defends itself the more vigorously in proportion as this effort is greater.

It is not by chance that the Russian communists attack Picasso: his painting is the presence of Europe in its most acute form. In the order of the spirit, all that which Russia calls formalism and which she has been deporting or tirelessly destroying for 10 years, is Europe. Paintings, writers, film makers, philosophers, musicians are suspected of submitting to the influence of "rotten Europe" because the spirit of Europe is a *danger* for a Pharaonic industry. The condemnation of Picasso in Moscow is not at all an accident; it is intended as a defense of Five-Year Plans. . . . The true reason for which Russia is not European has nothing to do with geography; it is the Russian will. . . .

European culture has two characteristics at present. The first is a link between art and culture. These two are separated in Russia by dogmaticism. They are not less separated in the United States. There the man of culture is not the artist; he is the man of the university. An American writer—Hemingway, Faulkner—is not at all the equivalent of Gide or Valéry; he is the equivalent of Rouault or de Segonzac. These are brilliant specialists in given types of knowledge within a certain culture; they are neither men of History, nor men of thought.

Then there is the will of transcendance. Europe is the part of the world where Chartres, Michaelangelo, Shakespeare, Rembrandt followed one another. We give the impression of quailing in the face of an immense culture called the American novelists, and another immense culture called I do not know what. But after all, half of the world still watches Europe, and only from her can come the answer to a profound question: who has taken Michaelangelo's place?

The present drama of Europe is the death of man. Since the atom bomb, we understood that what the twentieth century called "progress" exacted a heavy ransom. We understood that the immense hope man had put in the future was no longer valid. Man must be founded anew, but not on picture-book images.

Europe of today is the highest intellectual value of the world. Only we fail to believe in Europe. The world still watches with a fearful and distant veneration these old hands groping in the shadows. . . . There is no question of the submission of Europe. On the one hand, there is a hypothesis: Europe will become a capital element of the Atlantic civilization. On the other hand, there is a question: what will Europe become in the Soviet structure? The Atlantic civilization respects Europe; the Soviet structure disdains Europe's past, hates her present and rejects her future.

The values of Europe are also threatened from within by techniques born of means of appealing to collective passions: newspaper: cinema, radio, advertising—in short the "means of propaganda," or what are called, in more pretentious style, the psychological techniques. In America, these techniques are principally at the service of an economic system, and tend to force the individual to buy goods. In Russia they are at the service of a political system and tend to force the individual into an unreserved adhesion to the offi-

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cial ideology of the directors. . . . The incidence of the American psychotechnicians on our culture is secondary, that of the Russian psychotechnicians seeks to be decisive. . . .

The practical result of the ensemble of Soviet techniques in France today is a systematic organization of lies, chosen for their efficacy. First, dishonor the adversary and make discussion impossible. Attack on the moral plane: make the adversary what one called in the eighteenth century a *scélérat*. This system rests on the fundamental postulate that the end justifies the means—and hence, that only ends are moral.

In the realm of the spirit, the system is intended to get either allies or (in Russia) Stalinists. First there is an ancient mystification, Christian and ethical. In France some of the deepest elements of Stalinism have remained inseparable from the great Christian appeal.

Then there is the national mystification. In all the countries of the West, the goal is to prevent economic recovery which threatens to draw these countries toward the United States and England. To do this, the Stalinists invent "the national defense of the countries threatened by the Americans." They try to establish a national ideology on the premise they tried out during the Resistance, namely, a union of all sincerely national forces under a Communist false-face, and for the benefit of Moscow.

There is the mystification of historical perspective and, finally, there is the celebrated mystification by revolutionary continuity. . . . André Gide and I were asked to bring to Hitler the petitions of protest against the condemnation of Dimitrov, innocent of guilt for the Reichstag fire. It was a great honor for us. When, now, Dimitrov—in power—hangs Petkov who is innocent, who has changed? Gide and I, or Dimitrov?

We do not renounce Spain. Some day let a Stalinist arise here to defend Trotsky!

From what rank does one now in Russia have the right to be a liar? Some are in the game and some are not. It is also worth thinking about the contempt implied by the psychological techniques. Whether to make people buy soap or to get their votes, there is no psychological technique that is not based on contempt for the buyer or the voter.

Our essential problem is: how can we prevent psychological techniques from destroying the quality of the spirit? The masses have never been sensitive to art as such (both aristocracy and bourgeoisie are masses in this respect). I call artists those individuals who are sensitive to the specific content of an art; the others are sensitive to the sentimental content. The pressing task is to substitute for the lying appeal of a totalitarian culture the real creation of a democratic culture. It is not a matter of driving toward art masses who are indifferent to art; it is a question of opening the realm of culture to all those who desire to attain it. The right to culture is purely and simply the will to have access to it.

The fundamental value of the European artist, from the sculptors of Chartres to the great individualists, from Rembrandt to Victor Hugo, has been the will to consider art and culture the object of a conquest. Genius is a conquered difference. There is no copying genius, no servile genius. If humanity contains within itself an eternal premise, it is surely the tragic and superb hesitation of the artist facing work which he feels more deeply than anyone else, which he admires more than anyone, yet at the same time which he alone in the world desires subterraneously to destroy.

Genius is a discovery on which the resurrection of the past is founded. A culture is reborn when men of genius, seeking their own truth, draw forth from the depth of the centuries all that which once resembled this truth. The true heir of art is neither America . . . nor Russia. . . . The true heir is the "formalist" school of Paris whose resurrections of so many centuries seem an immense family.

The conquest implicit in creative art needs freedom. Everything that opposes the will to discovery is, if not death, then paralysis of the most fruitful faculties of the artist. We proclaim the need to maintain this freedom against everything that seeks to fix its direction in advance. And, above all, against methods of psychological action for political ends based on the appeal to the collective unconscious. We proclaim not the unconscious but the conscience; not abandon but will; not nonsense but truth. We demand freedom of discovery: not "toward what?" because we do not know; but "from where?" as in the contemporary sciences.

We want to found our values on the present. All reactionary thought is based on the past, all Stalinist thought on a Hegelianism oriented by an uncontrollable future. What we need first is to discover the present. What we defend here will be defended before the end of this century by all the great nations of the West. We want to restore to France the role she held in the Roman and Gothic epochs, in the nineteenth century, and which gave her accent to Europe when it was at the same time an accent of audacity and of liberty.

When was France great? When she was not turned back upon France. She is universalist. For the world, the great France is more that of the cathedrals and of the Revolution than that of Louis XIV. . . . France has never been greater than when she spoke for all men; and since men are no longer great, France's silence is heard poignantly. . . .

What will be the spirit of the new European? It will be what you make it. . . . Almost all of you are liberals in the realm of the spirit. But for us the guarantee of political liberty and of liberty of the spirit is not in that political liberalism condemned to death the moment it faces the Stalinists: the guarantee of liberty is the force of the state at the service of ALL citizens. And if we defend the force of the state, it is not because we prefer force; it is because force is the only guarantee of liberty.

TRANSLATED BY PERCY WINNER

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THE SPIRIT OF THE PALMACH

Israel's striking force knows what it is fighting for. Already its achievements are making new military legends

by Lawrence Lader

UNTIL MAY 10, 1948, the city of Safad which controls the upper Galilee valley was considered one of the impregnable strongholds of the Arabs in Palestine. Its citadel, built on a rocky hilltop by Richard the Lion-Hearted in the twelfth century, had never been seized by an invader. The British had added a fortified police station at the foot of the hill, and during World War II had honeycombed the city with pillboxes and trenches against possible attack by the Vichy French. When the British left Palestine, they turned Safad over to a garrison of 3,500 Arab troops, and threw in many months of supplies and 500,000 rounds of ammunition for good measure.

During the week before May 10, the third battalion of the Palmach, which is generally known as the "striking force" of the Israeli army, quietly brought up supplies and ammunition each night through the wild valley that approaches Safad. Then a force of 200 men, each armed with only 50 rounds of ammunition, attacked at night, taking the Arabs by surprise. Another Palmach unit fought for 11 hours in the police station, and after three hours' rest, stormed the remainder of the city. By noon, the supposedly impregnable Safad was safe in Palmach hands.

The same third battalion seized the town of Sassa by marching 12 miles one night through mountainous, Arab-held territory with each man carrying 60 pounds of explosives on his back; and during the 10 days' fighting before the second truce, it was the spearhead of the forces that took Lydda, the most important Arab stronghold on the road to Jerusalem.

When I reached the rest camp near Tel Aviv, where the third battalion was quartered, I met its commanding officer, Moshe Kellman, a medium-sized, heavy-muscled young man with blond hair and blue eyes.

"To understand us now," he said, "you must know how we lived for seven years before the war. The Palmach sprung from the *kibbutzim,* the coöperative settlements scattered in the most distant parts of the country. We were the only regular army the Jews had. For almost seven years, we were fighting Arab bands, who raided our homes and stole our crops, or, hiding from the British troops, who tried to capture us and take away our arms.

"The British forced an obsession for secrecy on us. When the Germans threatened the Middle East, we fought side by side with the British. You remember the plot to kidnap Rommel? It was the Palmach who tried it. We had a special section of blond, blue-eyed Jews who spoke perfect German and were trained as a Nazi team. Working behind the enemy's lines, they almost succeeded, despite great odds, in capturing Rommel.

"Another Palmach detachment, of dark-skinned Jews, mainly Yemenites, worked underground in Arab territories that sided with Vichy France. One unit disappeared in Syria and was never heard from again. During these years, the British naturally got to know our top officers. When they decided in 1946 to destroy us, they knew just where to look and whom to arrest. On June 26, British troops swooped down on our *kibbutzim* and our cities and arrested 4,000 men. Most of our top commanders were warned in time, but 200 of our officers were caught and thrown into jail.

"To get arms, we had to smuggle them in or make them ourselves. One of our chief underground storehouses and factories was at the *kibbutz* of Yagour, not far from Haifa, where we had 14 large chambers, a small railroad, and a factory that made mortars and rifles. The British, attacking 12 of our settlements with tanks and planes in an effort to discover our underground caches, were sure there was something at Yagour. After two days of searching with mine detectors, they could find nothing. Then somehow they learned that one of the air vents to the underground factory was through a metal gate post of the *kibbutz.* For days they went around Yagour, pouring water down every chimney and tube. When the water kept flowing in, they knew they had discovered a vent to the factory.

"Another underground factory that they never discovered was in an orange grove next to one of their camps. Every day the orange pickers came to work and disappeared underground, one by one, leaving a token force to pick the fruit. Many of the mortars and Sten guns we are using today were made within shouting distance of British sentries.

"Being caught by the British usually meant prison or worse. There was one British major, for instance, who inflicted tortures you associate only with the Nazis. He was warned many times to stop. Finally, the high court of the Haganah tried him and sentenced him to death. Four of our boys and girls caught him in Jerusalem and killed him. But others took his place and hounded us ceaselessly."

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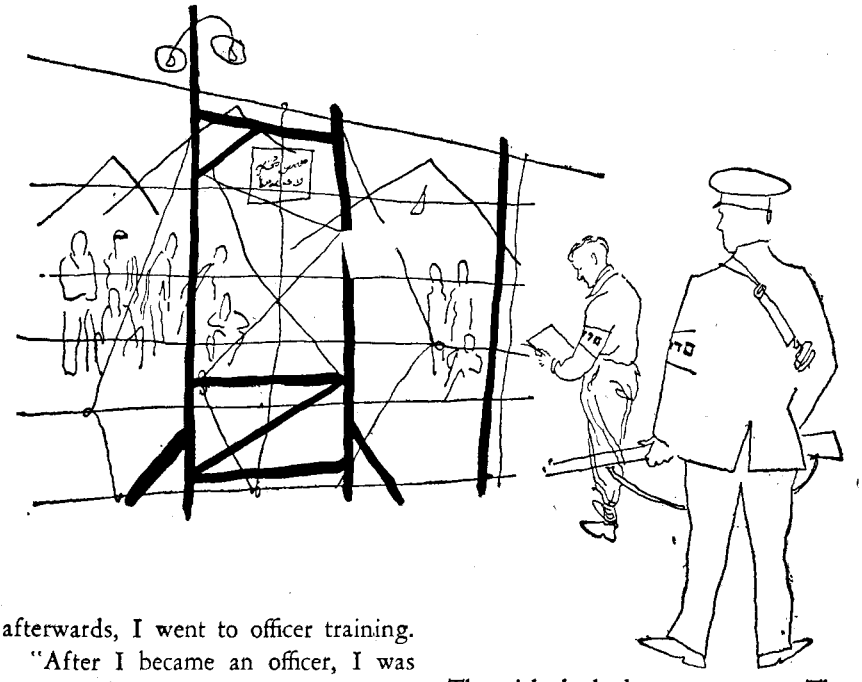
Kellman said I had come to visit him at the right time. "In less than an hour," he explained, "the feast will begin. Tonight we are celebrating our victory at Lydda, and also the seventh year of the Palmach."

I asked him how he had joined the Palmach and risen to be the commander of a battalion.

"None of us," he said, "is a soldier by profession. Most of us have come from the *kibbutzim*. Our purpose is to go back, and some day start new *kibbutzim* of our own. The Palmach grew out of the *kibbutzim* because, from 1941 on, we realized that it was more important for a boy of 17 to devote his full time to defending his home and people than to plow in the fields or tend the vineyards.



"The Jews had no full-time army then. The Haganah was made up of businessmen, clerks and doctors who spent a few hours each night drilling in secret and learning how to use arms. But we members of the *kibbutzim* living on the frontiers of the country had to defend our settlements against Arab attacks. And we could spend more time training with less chance of detection by the British. The first Palmach commanders were trained by General Orde Wingate, famous for his raiders in India and Burma. He created special night squads of young Jewish boys, teaching them a new technique of lightning raids.

"I myself lived at Ein Harod, where Wingate had lived for many years. When Arab bands began to attack in the south in 1941, I was sent to Dorot, a tiny *kibbutz* with just 15 men and one house and three tents. For five months, 35 of us Palmach trainees slept on the ground, helping to build the *kibbutz* in the day, and fighting off the Arabs at night. Then I was sent to Kineret, one of four *kibbutzim* near Lake Tiberias in the valley of the Dead Sea. That year, 1943, there were plenty of raids. The Vichy French were spurring on the Arabs, and my company was responsible for the defense of the whole area. At the end of the year I was made a squad leader, and sent to a school for corporals; shortly afterwards, I went to officer training.

"After I became an officer, I was given a platoon of my own to train. Even in October, 1947, the Palmach had only 2,000 men. We had to divide ourselves into units of three to six men in order to defend outlying settlements and protect our convoys. In November, when the war in Galilee started, I had only one company to defend an area of hundreds of square miles. Part of my company was convoying on the Beirut and Damascus roads. In six months we brought in 7,000 immigrants.

"It wasn't till February, 1948, that the Palmach was strong enough to organize into larger units. In May, the third battalion was formed, and I became commander. We were over 1,000 strong, including women, but for our 600 first-line troops, we could barely scrape together 150 rifles. Even in our first major campaign we had neither mules nor jeeps. The men often had to march 12 to 15 miles at night, carrying 60 pounds on their back. When we took Safad, we were so short of ammunition that I had to limit each man to 50 rounds apiece."

By this time, the sound of music from the battalion parade area had become particularly loud, and Kellman said we would have to go now. In answer to my question, he said he was 24 years old. No one of the dozen Palmach men we passed on our way to the parade area seemed more than 22. The girls looked even younger. They wore no make-up. Their hair was cut short, tied down with a simple ribbon or allowed to fall loosely over their necks. Most wore blouses and tight shorts. When we got to the large rectangle where the battalion was forming, I noticed that one company was made up almost entirely of girls and was commanded by a girl officer.

Dusk was falling quickly now. On every side of the rectangle, small torches had been set on the ground. The battalion stood at attention while Kellman read the names of the men who had fallen at Lydda. Then a bugle blew, and the flag of Israel was lowered slowly. When a whistle blew, the ranks broke quickly and the battalions rushed to long rows of tables piled high with food. Almost before the battalion was seated, one table started to sing. The song spread and grew, a wild, triumphant song with a Slavic sadness, yet strongly martial.

A group of Palmach boys and girls, who had joined together to form the "Chizbat" theatre, had driven down from Tel Aviv, and erected a simple stage on one side of the rectangle. Dov Rubin, a member of the Palmach's cultural secton, explained to me that *chizbat* was Hebrew slang for bragging or story-telling. One of the acts was a fairly serious allegory, giving a brief history of the last seven years, but mainly there were satirical

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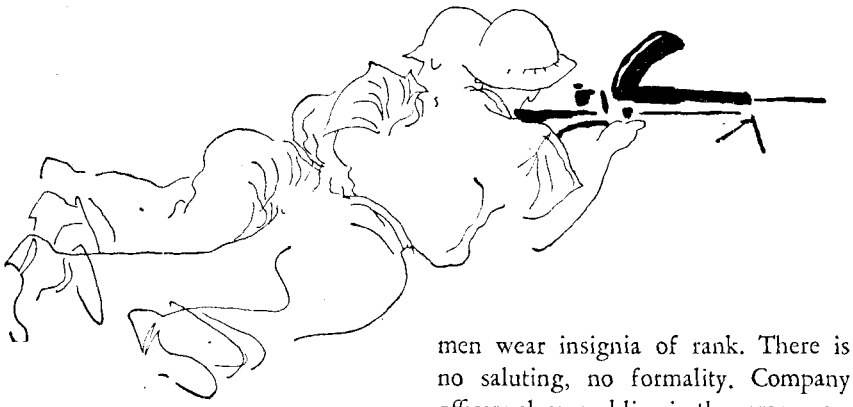

songs and skits. The curtain came down around midnight, but this was only an intermission. There were two hours more of skits and songs. Then the dancing began. Palmach boys and girls joined hands in large circles. The music grew faster and faster. Most of the dances, Rubin told me, were steps that the Palmach had developed itself. At two-thirty, when I went to bed, I could still hear music drifting up from the parade area. The next morning I learned that few had gone to bed before five.

At 10 o'clock Yehuda Beutler, the political-education officer of the battalion, came to tell me an important meeting was about to begin. In the recreation hall, we found about 20 boys and 15 girls seated in a circle on the floor or perched on tables. Beutler explained that this group belonged to the Maipam Party, which has the second largest membership in the country. Most Israel parties have special organizations which draw boys and girls into the *kibbutzim* movement from the time they are 12 or 13. The Maipam's organization, called Hashomir Hatzair, is strongly socialistic. The major subject for discussion this morning was how the group would raise money to purchase cows for the *kibbutz* they were planning. It was agreed that each one should contribute part of his monthly salary. Enlisted men in the army receive £2, or roughly $8 a month, officers about £10. It was decided that officers should contribute the difference in salaries to the fund.

This type of practical democracy, Beutler assured me, was commonplace in the Palmach. "Neither officers nor men wear insignia of rank. There is no saluting, no formality. Company officers sleep and live in the same quarters with their men."

Of the 1,200 members of the battalion, almost 500 were women. They handle all the cooking and service jobs of the battalion. They were so eager to make a short rest period comfortable for the men that they occupied the 24-bed barracks while the men slept only four to a room. Many of the women also fill front-line positions in the signal company and field hospitals. Often they take charge of supply convoys. After shock troops have seized enemy positions, women may be assigned to hold them while men move ahead to the next position. The Israeli Air Force has a number of women fighter pilots.

The relationship between men and women in the Palmach is not easy for outsiders to understand completely. A few couples are officially married. The great majority, however, following the custom of the *kibbutzim,* where marriage is something of an afterthought, are apt to pair up at an early age and only bother with the ritual of an official union after a number of children have arrived. The words, "husband" and "wife," in fact, are definitely unstylish. A friend of mine, who was visiting a *kibbutz,* told me that in conversation with one of the men he had referred to this man's *isha,* the Hebrew equivalent of wife. The man recoiled as if he had heard an insulting word. The only correct word in cases like this, my friend discovered, is *bachura,* which simply means "female youth."

Moral standards, however, have not suffered any setback in the Palmach. On the contrary, once a couple has paired up, it is generally assumed that they will remain together permanently. The rate of separation among couples is far less than the rate of divorce in the United States or Great Britain. The whole system, in fact, is tinged with puritanical morality. There is a determined effort to keep drinking and smoking at a minimum. Many of the young men practise strict sexual continence until they have reached the age of 21.

Beutler pointed out that there are only 750,000 Jews in Palestine compared with millions of Arabs in the six Arab states. He said, "Almost every man from 17 to 40 is in the army, and except for the trickle of boys just turned 17, we must now look for new manpower to the immigrants recently arrived in Palestine. Men whom Hitler considered the dregs of Europe and who have survived the worst concentration camps of Germany are among our finest soldiers."

To get a picture of how this conversion takes place, I was driven over to the Kfar Yona camp. Jacob Podgaetchi, commander of one of the companies, a tall, blue-eyed officer with a bristling, sandy-colored mustache, told me he had been wounded at Jerusalem. Kfar Yona was built by the British, and its thick, stone-walled buildings still have signs in English, particularly "Out of Bounds" warnings. In one of the classrooms, 30 men were sitting before a large map of Palestine, listening to an instructor lecture on the geography of Palestine. "We must do more than teach these men to be soldiers," Podgaetchi explained. "We must also introduce them to a new country. In six short weeks, we must take immigrants from a dozen European countries and make them citizens of Israel. We must instill in them the spirit of the Palmach. Other armies depend for discipline on rules, backed by punishment. We try to teach each man that he is an important part of the defense of the state.

"Our biggest obstacle is language. You can hear Polish, German, French, Rumanian, Bulgarian—at least 15 languages being spoken here. The one language most men know is Yiddish.

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Sometimes, if I am trying to talk to a Hungarian, I must give my message to a Russian who speaks Yiddish, and he passes it along to a Yiddish-speaking Rumanian who can also speak Hungarian. The simplest thing is to teach every immigrant Hebrew as quickly as possible, so from the first day there are two hours of instruction daily."

Podgaetchi took me out to a bivouac area in the woods near Kfar Yona. One of the companies was camping there for five days. Since it never rains during the summer, there were no tents, and the men simply spread their sleeping bags on the ground. A group of men, seated under a large tree, were learning how to strip and clean their rifles. "They are getting military training," Podgaetchi said, "but they are also learning to increase their vocabulary and use new words. *Bariah,* for instance, is the ancient Hebrew word for the bolt of a door, but now we use it also for the bolt of a rifle. *Kane* is the ancient word for a bamboo cane, but now they are learning it as the word for the barrel of a rifle."

On the way back to camp, Podgaetchi told me how the Palmach selects new immigrants for its battalions. "Since the Palmach originally sprang from the *kibbutzim,* we naturally favor those men who believe in the principles of agricultural coöperatives and want to live on them after the war. Many of these immigrants started their own *kibbutzim* while waiting in the DP camps of Europe. We usually take these groups as units right into the Palmach. When they come off the boats, they go to one of the large reception camps, are classified, and given clothes and money. If they have friends or relatives in Palestine, they are allowed to take time off to visit them. During their six weeks of basic training here, they advance from light weapons, the rifle and Sten gun, to heavier weapons like the mortar and machine gun. They learn to maneuver in the field and operate as a unit.

"Their average day is not much different from the day in any army. They are up at six. From 8:30 to one, there is field training. We have dinner in the middle of the day, plenty of meat and eggs, and those things no civilian is getting today. From three to seven, they are in the field again. In the evening after supper, there may be movies, or a visiting concert group. Once a week, usually Saturday, every man gets a day off and goes on organized trips to Tel Aviv or other parts of Palestine."

DRAWINGS BY BILL CHARMATZ

I asked Podgaetchi if there was much difference in spirit between the native Palestinians and the new immigrants. Instead of answering, he went to a group of men sitting nearby, and brought three of them back with him.

"This is Izak Levi," Podgaetchi said, introducing a slim, young man with watery blue eyes. They spoke together in Yiddish for a minute. "He cannot speak English," Podgaetchi went on, "but he wants me to tell you that he spent the war imprisoned in the ghetto of Kovno. Of the 40,000 Jews who lived there, only 2,000 survived. The only thing, he says, that kept him alive during all those years was the dream of coming to Palestine. Now that he is here, do you think he will fight well for this dream? Do you think he will make a good soldier?"

Podgaetchi went on quickly to the next man. "This is Nathan Weiss," he said. "He is 20 now, but before he was 16, the only thing he knew was the concentration camp—Auschwitz, Nierdord, Buchenwald—one after another, five altogether. Do you think a man who has survived five concentration camps will make a good soldier?

"And Pretzel Donkol here," Podgaetchi said. "He was a Polish soldier when the Germans invaded Poland. He escaped to France, joined a special Polish unit and fought the Germans again in the Garonne valley. When France fell, he escaped to North Africa, fought with the Free French against the Germans in Tunis and Algiers, and finally came back to France with the French units that helped liberate Paris. After the war, he had a good job in the Ford factory outside Paris. You would think he had had enough fighting. But he could not rest until he had reached Palestine and was with us here in the Palmach. Do you think a man who has been fighting for nine years knows what he has been fighting for? Do you think he will make a good soldier?"

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THE CASE OF JOE HILL

Thirty-three years ago this week, on November 19, 1915, Joe Hill (Hillstrom) was executed by a firing squad in a Utah prison, after being convicted of murder. Hill, a union organizer and labor-song writer, is today one of the great heroes of the radical labor movement in this country, and particularly of the Industrial Workers of the World. They have steadily maintained, before and since his death, that he was innocent of the murder charge and was in fact a victim of strong anti-IWW feeling in Utah and of the capitalistic bias of the Utah courts, at the time of his execution.

In the New Republic *of January 5, 1948, Wallace Stegner wrote an article entitled: "Joe Hill: The Wobblies' Troubadour." In that article, Stegner expressed the opinion that, "As for Joe Hill, I think he was probably guilty of the crime the state of Utah executed him for, though I think the state of Utah hardly proved his guilt beyond a reasonable doubt."*

Members of the Friends of Joe Hill Committee, organized by the General Defense Committee of the IWW, have requested that the New Republic *publish a statement giving their attitude in regard to Hill's guilt or innocence. Such a statement appears below. The* New Republic *prints it for its intrinsic interest and without editorial endorsement.*

For reasons of space, the statement has been paraphrased, and reduced to less than half its original length. Those who wish to see the entire text may receive it without charge if they will write to the Industrial Worker, *2422 North Halsted Street, Chicago 14, Illinois.* – THE EDITORS

JOE HILL: IWW Martyr

ON SATURDAY, January 10, 1914, about 9:45 p.m., two armed men entered a Salt Lake City grocery which J. G. Morrison, the owner, and his two sons were closing for the night. Shouting, "We've got you now!" both began firing. One son, Merlin, 13, retreated to a storeroom. When he returned after the firing stopped, he found his father dying and his brother Arling, 17, lying dead, the father's revolver near his hand. The police claimed that one of six cartridges in this gun had been discharged, and argued that Arling had fired it, though no bullet to fit that cartridge was ever found.

About 11:45 that night Joe Hill came to the office of Dr. F. N. McHugh, whom he knew, seeking medical aid. This office was two and a half miles south of the Morrison store. A bullet had entered Hill's chest and gone through his body. He said he had been shot in a quarrel over a woman, that he was as much to blame as the other fellow, and that he wanted the affair kept quiet.

As Dr. McHugh finished dressing the wound, Dr. A. A. Bird, passing, saw a light and looked in. McHugh asked him to take Hill in his car to the suburb of Murray, two and a half miles farther south, where he was living in the home of friends named Eselius. While Hill was dressing in McHugh's office, an automatic pistol in a shoulder-holster fell from his coat. The doctors saw only the handle of this gun.

Three days later Hill was arrested at the Eselius home, on information from Dr. McHugh, and charged with murder. The police asked Hill what he had done with his gun. He said he threw it away when Dr. Bird, who had engine trouble, got out to crank his car. Morrison was killed by a 38-caliber automatic pistol, possibly a Colt. Hill declared his gun was a 30-caliber Luger of foreign make.

Endeavoring to prove this, before his trial, he went with detectives to a pawnshop where he had bought the gun. The shop records showed only the purchase, not the caliber or make. The clerk who had sold that gun was in Chicago. An inquiry was telegraphed to him. After he was convicted, Hill, requesting the Utah Pardon Board for a new trial, said the clerk answered: "Remember selling Luger gun at that time. What's the trouble?" This vital witness was not brought back to testify. Why? Was it because of incompetent defense attorneys or because of lack of funds?

Otto Applequist, also a machinist, had been rooming with Hill. Applequist disappeared after the murders and was never found. A photograph of his strikingly Scandinavian face was not recognized by witnesses who saw, or may have seen, the slayers before or after the crime.

Having no money to hire counsel, Hill acted as his own attorney at his preliminary hearing January 28. No one identified him as one of the killers, but some of the witnesses spoke of similarities between one of them and Hill. Merlin Morrison said he resembled one of the two in general build. Hill asked him: "When you saw me in jail the morning after my arrest, did you not say: 'No, that is not the man at all. The ones I saw were shorter and heavier'?" Merlin denied saying this.

Meanwhile insidious psychological forces were working against the prisoner. Feeling had been running high in Utah against the IWW because of its militancy in industry. The Salt Lake press publicized Hill's IWW connections and printed lurid stories about his alleged "police record" in San Pedro, California, when actually this was limited to a thirty-day jail term on a "vagrancy" charge, shortly after he served as a dock workers' strike-committee secretary.

Hill went on trial in June before Judge M. L. Ritchie, represented by two Salt Lake City attorneys, F. B. Scott and E. D. McDougall. After several state witnesses had testified, the defendant arose and addressed the court: "May I say a few words?"

Without sending the jury from the courtroom, the judge gave permission, and Hill said: "I have three prosecu-

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tors here. I intend to get rid of two of them." He told his counsel they were discharged. (His reason, he explained afterward, was counsel's failure to cross-examine prosecution witnesses who had changed their stories since the preliminary hearing.)

An acrimonious argument followed. The fact that it took place in the jury's presence certainly called for a mistrial or a recess until new counsel could have been retained. But there was neither, and the judge insisted that the two attorneys remain in the case as *amici curiae* (friends of the court). Hill now attempted, under great handicaps, to conduct his own defense. Later another attorney, Soren Christensen, entered the case for the special purpose of taking exception to unfavorable rulings as a basis for an appeal if needed. However, because of the antagonism between Hill and his discharged counsel, investigation essential to his defense was never carried out.

Most of the court's rulings were against the defense. Both prosecutor and judge asked witnesses leading questions, which elicited answers favoring the prosecution. At least three state's witnesses altered their testimony materially between the preliminary hearing and the trial. Yet none of those who saw the killers would swear that Hill was one of them. No motive for Hill to murder Morrison was ever shown; their paths had never crossed. Morrison, a former policeman, had expressed fear that he might be injured by underworld characters he had helped prosecute. On two previous occasions he had shot it out with assailants.

Morrison was killed by 38-caliber bullets from an automatic pistol, possibly a Colt. Hill insisted his gun was a 30-caliber Luger. Dr. McHugh was unable to pick out either a Colt or a Luger, both in shoulder-holsters, as being like Hill's gun. Dr. Bird, at the preliminary hearing, said only that it was a black automatic, but at the trial he testified that the handle of Hill's gun resembled that of a Colt automatic 38.

All the so-called identification testimony was circumstantial, built up

WOODCUTS BY FRASCONI

by indirection, by alleged similarities. Hill was six feet tall, yet the official description gave the slayer's height as about five feet nine.

Hill was shot through a lung, the bullet leaving his body under a shoulder blade. But the bullet holes in his coat, front and back, were four inches lower than the wounds. The defense contended he must have been shot while his hands were in the air, which hardly would have been true of the killers of the Morrisons. Dr. Beer, defense expert, was not permitted to testify to that effect. This court ruling Hill's friends consider unfair.

Hill did not testify. The prosecution told the jury of his story that he was shot in a quarrel over a woman, and he was assailed for keeping silent. He was found guilty.

His case, which created worldwide attention, was appealed to the Utah Supreme Court. It upheld the verdict. Hill then asked the State Pardon Board for a new trial, with counsel he could trust. That board, which included all three Supreme Court justices who had upheld the conviction, turned him down, and the execution was set for November 19, 1915, despite two pleas by President Wilson.

On the night of the 18th, William Busky, migratory worker, told IWW members in Seattle he was with Joe Hill on the murder date and that Joe had no wound when they parted at 10 p.m. Busky's statement was telegraphed by the Seattle police to Governor Spry of Utah, but he refused to stay the execution. Busky declared that a Salt Lake City detective overheard him saying he knew Hill was innocent; that he was then arrested and held in jail forty-one days before being released and told to get out of the state. Although Governor Spry threatened to try Busky, this was not done, nor was any attempt made to disprove his charge, which reflected so seriously on Utah justice.

Why was Hill found guilty? Because of many factors: his silence about the woman; newspaper stories about his supposed crime record; leading questions asked of witnesses by both prosecutor and trial judge; altering of testimony to make the description of one of the killers more nearly fit Hill; the judge's failure to declare a mistrial when the acrimonious scene between Hill and his counsel took place in the jury's presence; and the failure of the defense, because of incompetent counsel, or lack of funds, to conduct vital investigations.

Hill, reared in Sweden, was unversed in the ways of American courts. After his counsel had been reduced to the role of *amici curiae,* he was at the mercy of a prosecutor who knew all the tricks of getting convictions on circumstantial evidence.

A positive case against Hill was so lacking that he was offered his freedom if he would satisfactorily explain his wounds. His friends hold that if he had been a crook, it would have been easy to fake "evidence" of a quarrel over a woman. They also argue that an intelligent man like Hill, if he had taken part in a murder and had used a red bandanna handkerchief as a mask, would not have kept it in plain sight

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in his room. These handkerchiefs were, and are, extremely common in the West.

Hill's friends further point out that he remained in the Eselius home, without seeking safety in flight. He went for treatment to Dr. McHugh, who knew him. He permitted Dr. Bird, a stranger, to drive him to the Eselius house, thus revealing where he lived, although physically able to have left the car some distance away and walked there. When he arrived at McHugh's office, his clothing was saturated with fresh blood, though the Morrison murders had taken place two hours earlier. Could Hill, wounded and bleeding for two hours, have traveled two and a half miles without being seen, and without collapsing?

Hill's friends dispute the idea that this man, known by sight to many thousands from his public appearances at IWW meetings, playing the piano and singing the labor songs he had written, could possibly have been a hijacker, or any sort of revolutionary Robin Hood. During the First World War, all the IWW's books and records were seized by the government, which found that the organization received no German gold and no financial support of any kind except through regular union channels.

The friends of Hill declare that the state of Utah showed a desperate hurry to execute him. The authorities could easily have solved the problem of trial irregularities by trying him for the murder of Morrison's son. Hill's friends think the execution was speeded to prevent exposure of the conviction as a frame-up—exposure through new evidence which the defense, with competent counsel and more time, would have uncovered.

If he had been allowed to live, some of those who altered their stories between the original hearing and the trial might have recanted; but with Hill dead, no perjurer would confess the terrible crime of having lied away a man's life. If Tom Mooney, or the seven miners in Harlan County, Kentucky, had been executed instead of getting life sentences, the perjurers' confessions which set them free certainly never would have been made.

The Pardon Board which rejected Hill's appeal comprised the three Supreme Court justices who had upheld the trial verdict, the Governor and the Attorney General, all nettled by widespread criticism of Utah's official practices. Rejection of the appeal was to be expected. Likewise, nowhere in labor history has any murder conviction ever been reversed by an appeals court. There are no exceptions among the historic frame-ups—the Haymarket, Wheatland, Mooney-Billings, Centralia, Sacco-Vanzetti, and the Harlan miners' cases.

Hill has been much criticized for not revealing the name of the woman in a quarrel over whom he declared he was shot. But obviously, he could not do this without her consent and her willingness to come forward in support of his statements. If he had told her name and she had denied his story, his hope of proving his innocence would have been shattered. He would have had to prove time and place of the shooting, either through testimony by the woman or through a confession by the man who shot him.

Some women, involved in clandestine affairs, will go to any length to avoid admitting such indiscretions and consider their "honor" more important than anything else—even human life. It also is possible that the woman did not mean to let Hill be executed. She may have intended to come forward at some point and save him, and she may have died suddenly or been killed, making this impossible.

No motive for Hill's killing Morrison was ever shown. There was no proof that they had ever met. That revenge was the motive of the killers was evident from their words: "We've got you now!" as they began firing. They fled, taking nothing. Morrison had spoken of men he feared, to his wife and Police Captain Hempel, and told Hardy Downing, newspaper reporter, that a September, 1913, attack on him was not a robbery holdup but an attempt to kill. The court would not let Downing tell what Morrison said.

There was no proof that Hill was in the Morrison store, and no tangible proof that either killer was shot, no blood being found where the slayers trod in the store, nor in front of it. There was no real evidence that Arling Morrison fired his father's gun, for no bullet from it was found. Yet the bullet which pierced Hill's body went clear through his coat. If he had been shot in the store the police would have found that bullet. There was evidence of a police custom of keeping only five live cartridges in a six-shooter, and Morrison had formerly been a policeman.

None of the so-called identification witnesses identified Hill as one of the killers. Merlin Morrison, 13, who saw his father shot, did not identify Hill. Two women who told of seeing one man flee did not identify him. Nor did two others who saw two men nearby before the shooting.

Joe Hill had the misfortune of being shot on the same night that the Morrison murders were committed. The bullet wound in his chest was the only "evidence" against him. Because of it, anti-union elements in Utah were given an opportunity to rid themselves of a fiery IWW agitator. No unbiased person can read the record of the Joe Hill trial without being convinced that it was the worst travesty on justice in American labor history.

FRIENDS OF JOE HILL COMMITTEE

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LEFT OF CENTER

A SURVEY of left-wing youth politics reveals that it is perhaps even more complex than the adult variety.

In a few weeks, the Communist Party will have a new youth outfit in line with its convention decision "for the establishment of a non-Party Marxist youth organization as soon after the 1948 election as possible." Although the young Communists now consider it a "Browderite" mistake to have dissolved the YCL and to have replaced it with the American Youth for Democracy, the Communists favor continuation of the AYD as "the most advanced anti-fascist, anti-imperialist youth organization in the United States, because of the role of the Communists in its leadership." Simultaneously, the Communists urge the "building and strengthening of the Young Progressives of America as a really broad, all-inclusive, anti-fascist center of American youth." (Quotes from *Political Affairs*, official Communist Party publication, September, 1948.)

The National Youth Committee for Independent Political Action, reported in our last column, ran into a theoretical snag when the SYL (youth section of the Workers Party, Trotskyist offshoot) sought affiliation with the NYCIPA. John Mecartney, Young People's Socialist League representative, opposed SYL inclusion on the ground that the latter was dedicated to the totalitarian ideal. The SYL has challenged the YPSL to debate the issue: "Is Bolshevism Totalitarian?"

Critical eye-witness reports of the National Student Assembly and of the Young Progressive Citizens of America conventions are now available at the Students for Democratic Action.

Addressing himself to a segment of youth backing Wallace, philosopher John Dewey, in the *Liberal*, urges the formation of a new party for which he sets up three criteria: (1) "a genuinely new position in the extension of democracy"; (2) "leadership that would consider it morally reprehensible to explain away the excesses of a police state"; (3) roots "in the trade union movement." Dewey believes that the Progressive Party fails on all three counts.

James Rorty believes "the time is ripe to renew the attempt that failed in the mid-thirties to build a positive anti-Communist front in the colleges by "liberals who are politically sophisticated" (*Plain Talk*, October, 1948).

★

William Green's "call for a Third Party" caught labor and liberals with mouths open. CIO-PAC's Jack Kroll turned thumbs down. Even Walter Reuther's calling for a new political alignment (not the same as a nation-wide Third Party) looked colorless alongside the statement of the AFL president. Actually, Green says he merely pointed out that resolutions calling for a third party would be introduced—as they always are. Progressive trade-union leaders feel that Green may have been hasty in speaking of a new *party* but that he is abreast of his time in speaking of a new *force*. The AFL Convention this month is expected to strengthen its LLPE (Labor's League for Political Education). *Since there will be no elections to federal office in 1949, unions may vote money out of their treasuries to build local clubs of the LLPE without violating the Taft-Hartley Act.*

The Upholsterers' International Union (AFL) urges its parent body to establish a labor-liberal-farmer political-action coördinating committee that *might* become a new party if the Democratic Party doesn't purge its anti-labor elements.

In January, there will be a convention in Columbus, Ohio, "called by Senator Langer of the Non-Partisan League, Burr McCloskey, organizer of the United Labor Party, and others, to push for a new party of all workers in the mills, on the farm, at the office desk."

When the Klan of Mississippi endorsed Dixiecrat Thurmond, two locals of the Klan seceded, accusing Thurmond of being "a liberal and leftist."

★

Commonweal, liberal Catholic publication close to ACTU (Association of Catholic Trade Unionists), is now in a running debate with Dorothy Day's *Catholic Worker*. The latter says that the former's "industry council plan assumes class collaboration," which the *CW* rejects as "an impossibility under the capitalist system and as a betrayal of the workers. We advocate the elimination of the capitalist class by non-violent direct action and the cessation of acquisitive class society." The *Commonweal* asks, what becomes of the right of private property if this dogma is accepted, and "What becomes of the commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal'?"

★

Communist influence in CIO unions slipped further during the last two weeks. At the Boston convention of the CIO Shoe Workers, newly elected president, Rocco Franceschini, formerly close to the party line, led a fight for a pro-Truman, anti-Wallace resolution. The CIO Woodworkers expelled the Canadian district because the latter was following the party line. The Indiana CIO bars Communist Party members from unions in the state.

There was a difficult moment for the party-liners when James Durkin, president of the United Office and Professional Workers, CIO, and V-P Berney indicated readiness to sign the Taft-Hartley non-Communist affidavit. It was all part of a deal with the CIO Paper Workers, in which it was agreed that if the UOPWA signed the affidavit, the paper workers would surrender jurisdiction in a dispute over Prudential Life Insurance agents. Durkin and Berney were whipped back into line, but the *Daily Worker* states its surprised annoyance with them.

The *DW* is even more annoyed with Dick Leonard, UAW leader of an opposition group to Reuther, for the former's statement that "this group will not allow the Communist Party to have a voice in union affairs."

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

THE MIND OF THE FOUNDING FATHERS

by George Dangerfield

A BOOK which deals with the world of Jeffersonian thought, but which refrains from describing "influences" or "sources"; which never mentions Locke and offers only a passing reference to Montesquieu; from which Condorcet and Quesnay, Adam Smith and Dugald Stewart have been banished; and which seems deliberately to snuff the great candle of the Enlightenment—is, I submit, a disturbing phenomenon. It abstracts from Jeffersonian thought much of its richness, diversity and subtlety: the Jeffersonian who emerges from it has been stripped of half his clothes and some of his skin as well. It removes him from the wide arena of cosmopolitan eighteenth-century thought—in which he played an honorable and, in the case of Thomas Jefferson, an eminent part—and places him firmly in eighteenth-century America. The difference is an important one and should be stated at the outset; but the loss is not as great as it sounds.

THE LOST WORLD OF THOMAS JEFFERSON, by Daniel J. Boorstin (Henry Holt; $4).

In one sense, indeed, it is a gain. It is as though we had been asked to forget about the lack of originality in the Declaration of Independence and to try, instead, to discover the composite mind which could make that Declaration *active*. This is, I think, a valuable enterprise, and the book which results from it is worth anyone's attention.

Daniel J. Boorstin's composite Jeffersonian is constructed, or contrived, from the following men: the great Jefferson himself; Rittenhouse, the astronomer; Rush, the physician; Priestley, the chemist; Peale, the illustrator; Paine, the publicist. There are many others, but these supply the predominant features which, being occasionally blurred and never symmetrical, give the whole figure an eccentric and at times even an antic appearance.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

The Jeffersonian of these pages was a man who deliberately sought naïveté, because in naïveté he found both a solace and a justification for his notions of the American task. Obeying what he conceived to be the will of his Creator, he was, with whatever reluctance, always prepared to sacrifice reason to sensibility. He was activist, materialist and anti-metaphysical. He believed that the Creator, having made the world in six days, had then abandoned it in the sense that even the Creator could not transgress His own laws. It was useless, therefore, to importune Him with prayer. One could seek only to understand and to obey His laws; and fortunately the means for doing so lay ready to hand. It was the Jeffersonian's duty to conduct an unceasing investigation of the material and visible universe, for at the end of the search, he was sure, lay a knowledge of the purpose of God: but his telescope and his microscope informed him that the search would probably be endless.

Facts (anything recorded or recordable by the physical senses) occupied, therefore, the summit of his scale of values: ideas, by a kind of reverse Platonism, were to be found at the bottom. God was not a spirit, or at any rate He was not *immaterial*. Man, body and soul, was a material being. Thinking was nothing more than a mode of action. Morality was an instinct. The criteria for distinguishing between a worthy and an unworthy thought, or a good and an evil moral action, were always in danger of being drowned in the mere flux of nature, and had often to be rescued by sleight of hand. For the Jeffersonian, after all, had few of our resources in archeology and geology, in genetics, physics, anthropology; and this is just the beginning of the list. His respect for facts was a most honorable one, but the facts had, none the less, always to support the grand hypothesis of a perfect Creation.

Thus it was axiomatic that no species of animal could have changed noticeably from the form into which it was first molded by the Creator's hand; and it was axiomatic that none could become extinct. Thomas Jefferson sincerely believed that he was a contemporary of the mammoth. Even when Dr. Benjamin Smith Barton committed himself to the heresy that some species might become extinct, he never dared admit that any new species could appear. The appearance of a new species at any time since the Creation would indicate a certain imperfection and caprice in the original design. The duck-billed platypus had been the duck-billed platypus from the very beginning.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the study of lower animate nature should have bristled with difficulties the solution of which required a sanguine temperament rather than too strict an attention to reasoning. The appearance in Philadelphia of "an horse with a snake in its eye, to

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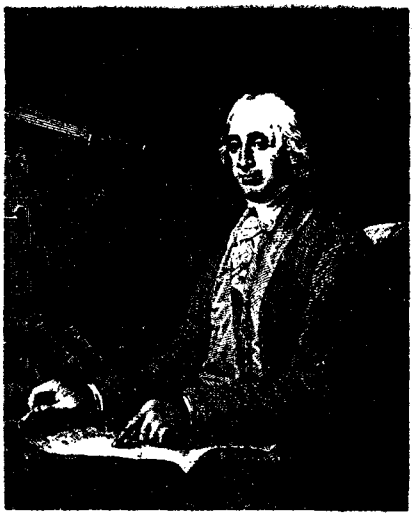

DAVID RITTENHOUSE

be seen in Arch-street between Sixth and Seventh street, not only possessed of mere life, but endowed with a very brisk locomotive faculty," filled the Jeffersonian with alarm. Was not this an example of *spontaneous generation*, a hypothesis which clouded, if it did not indeed destroy, his vision of nature? He contented himself with remarking that if the "snake's" parents had disappeared, that was no reason to suppose that they had not once existed. One should not question the "exuberance of skill" of the Creator.

But where spontaneous generation might be dismissed in this way, the hypothesis of a "special creation" for animals required a more delicate handling. The Jeffersonian would have preferred to believe that all animals had been created, not merely at one time, but in one place. Here he was immediately confronted with the wild turkey, the opossum and the raccoon, creatures which seemed to him to be peculiar to the American continent. Either they had arrived by migration or they had been created solely for and in America. The first hypothesis encountered great difficulties in explaining the dispersion of animals; the second abolished the Garden of Eden. Jefferson himself seems to have veered between the one and the other, but most Jeffersonians preferred the second.

An enemy, none the less, lay in wait for this preference. If there was a special creation for animals, why not a special creation for men? This was the favorite argument of the anti-equalitarians. The Negro, they said, was created in and for Africa, the Indian in and for North America, and so forth; hence one could argue that some races had been created inferior to others.

The discovery by Dr. Barton of a resemblance between the word "booze" and the Asiatic work "bou," meaning "water," and of the fact that *Demo* was the name for man in the language of the "old Persian," was not in itself sufficient, it seemed, to combat this argument. What one needed was not just "a common ancient origin" for language; one needed a common ancient origin for man. The Jeffersonian was convinced that all mankind was descended from one original set of parents.

Of the many theories which underlay the doctrine "all men are created equal," this theory of the two first parents was the simplest; and to this the Jeffersonian nobly and obstinately clung. The hypothesis of a special creation for men could not be admitted on this count: still less could it be admitted on another. For if the Creator had designed certain human beings for residence only in certain areas, what right had the American to undertake the conquest of a continent which belonged by divine command only to the Indians?

Nobody was more adept than the Jeffersonian at first impaling himself upon the horns of a dilemma and then declaring that it did not hurt. His anodyne for this pain was, of course, the prophetic nature of his materialism: everything would reveal itself in the future. In the meantime one simply decided that, while a special creation for animals was a permissible hypothesis, it was axiomatic that man was designed to be a migratory creature. How else could one account for his ability to adapt himself to a variety of climates? And did not this adaptability indicate that he was descended from one pair of parents and had gradually dispersed himself through the world by migration? This was attempting to prove something by first postulating the truth of what one was attempting to prove: and while it dismissed the arguments of the anti-equalitarians, it never answered them.

These purely preliminary remarks may serve to give the reader some idea of what he may expect to find in Boorstin's book: that is, the portrait of a philosopher whose main purpose was to find a republican sanction for the conquest of the North American continent. The prophetic nature of Jeffersonian materialism proclaimed but did not meet the challenge of the vast, the uncharted empire of "deserts" and "savannahs" which still beckoned from beyond the Mississippi. The enchantment of the book lies in its portrayal of the mental ferment of a pioneering republic singularly blessed with intelligent, versatile and industrious men.

We notice that of all the persons who constituted the inner Jeffersonian circle only one—Thomas himself—survived the war of 1812. I would even go so far as to say that the geographical limit of true Jeffersonian thought was the Mississippi, and that its chronological limit did not lie very far beyond the time when "horses and waterfalls" were the chief sources of energy for man. The steamboat was at once the symbol and the harbinger of a kind of democracy with which the Jeffersonian was neither altogether in sympathy nor altogether able to cope. We do not go to the Jeffersonian for doctrine, but for example; and the example he gives us is, as Boorstin says,

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BENJAMIN RUSH

one of "forthrightness, respect for fact, and a noncompetitive and collaborative attitude toward his neighbors."

Thus it seems to me to be a pity that Boorstin should desert his exegesis, which I think a creative, original and lucid piece of work, in order to extend Jeffersonian thought into realms where its influence can only be inferred in a most tentative way. He makes Jeffersonian utilitarianism partly responsible for "the American tradition, which combines enthusiasm for education with an insistence that education be uncritical and conservative"; connects the Jeffersonian aversion for metaphysics and theology with the "tyranny of public opinion" which is presumed (why?) to stifle the spirit of free inquiry; discovers a logical connection between Jeffersonian naturalism, which concerned itself with the survival of the species, and social Darwinism, which sanctioned the most unprincipled competition among individuals.

I do not believe that Jeffersonian thought is susceptible of these extensions; and if Boorstin could find arguments with which to convince me of my mistake, he has not produced them in this book. Until he does produce them, I shall continue to think it most unfair of him, first to create a composite philosopher from whose society we derive both charm and inspiration; and then to stretch this admirable creature upon some dialectical rack, and torture him into confessing almost anything.

REPORT ON THE NATIVES

PROFILE OF EUROPE, by Sam Welles (Harper; $3.50).

ALTHOUGH THIS REVIEWER does not know the author of *Profile of Europe*, we met on page one of his book with several experiences in common. At different times we had covered the same subject (Russia) for the same employer (Time, Inc.) and written books based largely on personal experience that were published by the same house. Not having visited the Soviet Union since 1946, I expected to be "updated" by reading Welles's report, and I was not entirely disappointed.

Profile is derived from the author's eight months in Europe and the Middle East (March through October, 1947). Like most correspondents' books, it is generally best when the author talks to people, describes what he sees, or interprets a mood; it seems on less sure ground when he evaluates the good and evil, the right and wrong of the continuing power struggle for the world.

In the best parts, reporter Welles writes with a *Time*-sharp eye for detail, with humor, with sympathy, even with understanding. In the worst parts he appears to be fulminating on global policy with all the terrifying certainty of a well-paid *Life* editorial-page fulminator.

Almost half of *Profile* is about the USSR, with the remainder taking up in quick outline the peripheral countries and the West. Although he might deny it, Welles seems most at home as a friendly, wide-eyed Westerner in Russia. He has ferreted out hard-to-get facts on Muscovite income taxes, on prices, on the secret police, on collective farm life, on shocking industrial inefficiencies, on the omnipresent bureaucracy. He has set down with real liveliness his encounters with the average man. And in his summation he has given, in most instances, a fairly balanced sketch of the hardships and heartaches which beset the Russians today.

No two observers on Russia ever see eye-to-eye. Perhaps the land of the Soviets has changed recently, but I doubt that it has become as static as Welles describes it. True, there is always a certain "Slavic" impassivity, a certain "Oriental" indifference to the frustrations of telephonic communication that would drive a New Yorker mad; true, the people are weary of war and of slogans. But if one can fly across the Ukraine, watch new schools being built, push through the Moscow subway or mingle with the crowds at Red Square and feel no stir of movement, sense no drive to the perhaps-a-better-tomorrow in the factories, then Welles has missed the big news of his book. For then the Kremlin and the system are closer to collapse than any sane investigator has predicted in some time.

Editorially speaking, Welles is not in favor of an aggressive attack on the Soviets by this country; nor does he believe that the Russians are strong enough or even desirous of attacking us (not before 1960, at least). He is against "people like Henry Wallace who think that the sparkle of their particular personality and their readiness to meet Russian demands could change the Kremlin's actions at all significantly"; he believes that "Soviet-American relations can be improved only if America shows unhurried understanding and firmness."

Patience, firmness, consistency—the author makes a case for developing these diplomatic virtues in the character of our foreign policy. But, he argues, we must also have men, men for cannon fodder. His rather simple reasoning goes something like this:

In his final chapter, entitled "Who Forms a Foreign Policy?," Welles leads off well enough: "In America, most of the questions on foreign policy are about Russia. In Europe, most of them are about America. Europeans have the right slant."

He then proceeds into a fast recount of the vacillations of US policy during the postwar years, winding up with a description of the September, 1947, crisis over Trieste. At this juncture, Welles believes, American leaders finally realized that American

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soldiers must be willing to "die for Trieste" in order to stop Russia. With this deduction he heartily agrees, and the climax of *Profile of Europe* becomes not the bulky shadow of the man-eating Bear but the long silhouette of the GI with the tommy-gun.

The way to avoid war, Welles concludes, the way to a "true and realistic" foreign policy, is for American men to be ready to die for Trieste.

This reviewer finds him quite believable when he reports Russian opinion on why the Palace of the Soviets will never be built—because the subsoil won't stand the weight. This reviewer finds him quite unconvincing when he argues that dying for Trieste (or the readiness to do so) will guarantee peace.

I don't think Welles has tested the subsoil of post-Hiroshima logic—his nineteenth-century conclusion won't stand the weight of atomic-age facts.

RICHARD LAUTERBACH

THE PRICE OF HEALTH

THE NATION'S HEALTH: A TEN YEAR PROGRAM, by Oscar R. Ewing (US Government Printing Office; $1).

EVERY YEAR, 285,000 persons die in the United States whose lives would probably have been saved if they had had proper medical care.

Preventable illness costs us 4.3 million man-years of work every twelve months, or more than seven percent of the nation's total working capacity.

Such illness, and avoidable partial or complete disability, costs the nation about $27 billion annually.

These are some of the striking statistics to be found in the recent report to the President on the medical problem, by Oscar R. Ewing, Federal Security Administrator. While his book is based largely on the National Health Assembly which met in Washington for four days beginning May 1, 1948, Ewing writes on his own responsibility, and goes far beyond a mere colorless reporting of the facts. He urges that the federal government, in coöperation with the states and municipalities, should undertake a major share in the task of improving our national standards of health. It is physically impossible to bring the nation up to an adequate standard in so short a time as ten or twelve years; but a great deal could be done if we would start now, and would put the federal government behind this program, which is so clearly beyond the resources of private medicine. By 1960, Ewing envisages:

An increase in the number of doctors by 37,000 beyond the present 190,000. (Mississippi, for example, has only one doctor to each 1,500 people, compared to one for each 500 in New York.)

The number of dentists to go from 75,000 to 95,000.

Nurses: From 318,000 to 443,000.

Hospital beds: from 900,000 to 1.5 million. (Forty percent of all US counties have no acceptable general hospital.)

Ewing is not an enemy of the private prepayment plans for hospitalization and doctors' fees, which are always emphasized so heavily by opponents of "government interference." He points out, however, that any plan which embraces a full program of aid —hospitalization, medical and dental care, medicine, eyeglasses, hearing aids, etc.—must cost from $130 to $200 per year per family.

A full half of the American people with family incomes of $3,000 a year or less cannot afford any such sum. Many of them cannot even afford the partial plans for hospitalization or doctors' fees, or both, which now exist, and are largely concentrated in the wealthy, industrialized states of the northeastern quarter of the country. Only 17 percent of the people are now covered by such plans, he says, even in a partial way, though some others

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have accident or sickness insurance which helps pay hospital bills. Forty-three percent of the people live in regions where less than one-fifth of such schemes are in operation.

Ewing's plan is not, he insists, "socialized medicine," which he says would mean that the government owned all the hospitals and the doctors were all on a federal payroll. His scheme would mean only an extension and amplification of the existing private insurance systems, and putting them under the government. Any doctor could go in or stay out as he chose, accept or reject a patient. Patients could use the plan or not, though they would all be liable for the taxes to support it. Ewing estimates that complete coverage, including hospital, medical and dental care, medicines, eyeglasses, hearing aids, could be given for an amount of 3.5 or 4 percent on earnings up to $4,800.

His reassurances will not, of course, conciliate the conservative American Medical Association, although many individual doctors in the country are sympathetic toward government aid. The AMA *Journal* has already savagely attacked his book, disputing his statistics and drawing an alarming picture of the inadequate medical care given under government schemes abroad, and especially under the new British law.

Even if the doctors came around to Ewing's point of view, we could not put his plan into complete operation overnight, because of the shortage of doctors and hospitals. But we could, almost overnight, make a beginning and set a "target point" for full operation a few years hence. His book is by far the best summary of the arguments for federal aid to health that has ever been assembled. BRUCE BLIVEN

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FICTION PARADE

MRS. PARTY'S HOUSE, by Caroline Slade (The Vanguard Press; $3).
THE WELCOME, by Hubert Creekmore (Appleton-Century-Crofts; $3).

AT FIRST GLANCE, *Mrs. Party's House* seems to be a whimsical tale of prostitution. Mrs. Party is a neat, resourceful little woman with a heart of gold who keeps one of the most respectable and cleanest Houses in town. She suffers (and outwits) the usual obstacles to virtue: police courts, racketeers, mean whores, and social workers, but survives to keep her little band together and make a House a home for her girls. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch earns an honest living by organized vice, and the publishers seem willing to promote the book for this quality of "human interest."

In this they agree with Mrs. Party and her girls' own view of their case. What the novel is really "about" is the monstrous self-deception of this view. Actually, the girls don't figure importantly; they are a mindless, faceless, shiftless pack; essentially stock "comic" figures, despite their pathetic case histories. Nor is Mrs. Party's profession the subject; it is merely an ironic situation which explores and exposes Mrs. Party's real vice, "her growing complacency" that allows her to "compromise continually with the devil." For the most part, she tells her own story (and all of it is written from her point of view). It is interpolated in dialogues with Father Gillican, the parish priest who hopes to save her and whose comments are the touchstone of all that is false in Mrs. Party's bland innocence.

As a respectable young widow with an invalid mother to support, Mrs. Party takes a roomer into her house. Quickly enough for the proper young woman not to have to recognize what has happened, several more roomers are installed. Mrs. Party's thwarted maternal instincts respond to the helpless girls, and in no time at all the window shades are drawn tight and there's champagne in the icebox. As her mother has become childish, and as she lives isolated in the "island" of her House, Mrs. Party is able to maintain all the marks of her former respectability, and need never admit to anyone, least of all herself, just what has happened. Not even to her girls: to their telling questions she replies: "That's a habit I have . . . not being able to say a plain yes or no."

But for all this, she is a scrupulous woman with a sense of (or curiosity about) sin. ("Why don't I think about *good* sometimes? Not always about just bad?") Here Father Gillican gets his chance; he is willing to discourse on Mrs. Party's favorite topic, morality, and she enlists him in the service of her scruples, trusting he will "do all he can to help me understand myself." What he actually does, by awakening and directing Mrs. Party's conscience, is to point out the weak spots in her defense; she is driven to more extensive hypocrisy to defeat her sense of guilt.

She escapes the question of morality by identifying it with the ethics of her profession: freedom from guilt is freedom from venereal infection. Her religious instincts bloom luxuriantly, and with missionary zeal "she dreamed of hundreds of clean Houses, a chain of them, little islands free of disease . . . stepping-stones leading the way to a great cleanup." Her self-justification is complete; her conscience is effectively stilled: "I have never sinned.

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God put me here to do good. I will not keep a bad girl; I choose the best men. People like me. People want me." But the *luxury* of guilt she will not forgo. When she is secure from him, she tells Father Gillican, "I want you to keep right on trying to save me."

The Welcome is subtitled "A Novel of Modern Marriage," but it might be called "The Case against Modern Marriage." There is probably no intention to prove the case, but except for a perfunctory nod toward the ideal, it is the only case presented. Most of the characters share the opinion that "marriage sapped the life from both man and woman," and "there is no reason these days for marriage."

Of the two main characters, Jim marries a girl who is the composite of all that is traditionally bad in the Modern American Woman. She is beautiful, selfish, vindictive, ambitious, shallow, and ice cold. She resentfully agrees to bear a child on receipt of a new Lincoln. Don Mason loathes her as the prototype of the wife in their small Southern town while he yearns nostalgically for his adolescent relationship with her husband.

The novel is neatly written. Of the life in the provincial town, the reader is convinced that "we've got only ourselves—our gossip, and malice and isolation." Doris, the wife, is effectively monstrous. But the "problem" isn't kept sufficiently within the characters; the boredom and disgust seem to affect the author as well.

JOHN FARRELLY

THEATRE: Notes

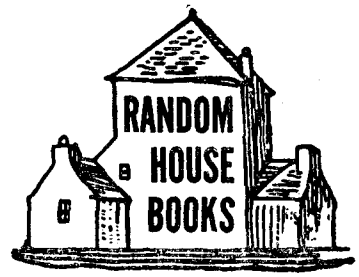
THE SEASON has slowed down to a walk. Comparatively few plays are being produced, and the mortality rate among the recent productions has been high. As usual, there is some good to be reaped from the evil. The scene builders are in the first stages of a panic: the cost of set construction has gone down. If production continues to decline, the real-estate people will offer better terms for their theatres. It may become a little easier to save a show on the border line between breaking even and losing money. All this has the spasmodic cheerfulness usual among victims of a vicious circle. That is the way of our unplanned theatre.

It is also cheerful to report that mixed notices no longer spell box-office disaster. Brooks Atkinson (of the *Times*) and Howard Barnes (of the *Herald Tribune*) did not care for "Love Life," but it appears to be a hit. Only two of the daily reviewers admired "Summer and Smoke," but it is doing business. The only play thus far that has been accorded a unanimously cordial reception is "Life with Mother," but one didn't have to go to the Empire to predict that.

This development of a more independent audience reaction is hopeful. When readers learn to understand that the value of a review does not lie in its indication of the odds on a play's success or failure, they will begin to regard reviews not as ticket-broker's copy, but as a possible source of enlightenment. They will then cease to ask shopping advice and demand criticism. Or am I being Utopian?

There wasn't much criticism in the comments on Richard Hughes's short-lived play "Minnie and Mr. Williams" —about the Welsh peasant lady whom the devil supplied with a gamesome live leg to replace her old wooden one. The notices merely registered boredom. Although "Minnie and Mr. Williams" didn't bore me at all, it seemed to me a surefire failure. To attempt on Broadway such a combination of folk tale and philosophic parable, with emphasis on literary and intellectual niceties, was as foolhardy as it would be to give a series of eighteenth-century country dances with spinet accompaniment in the middle of Times Square.

"Minnie and Mr. Williams" wasn't



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too badly done: Josephine Hull was amusing, and an exceedingly tall girl named Lee Wilcox displayed a surprising charm, but the whole thing nevertheless was tenuous and forced. An audience at a good college theatre might have found it delightful with a less professional cast and lighter direction; a British company in a competent English Little Theatre might have made it a thoroughly civilized oddity. But such sophisticated innocence as this play represents is completely out of place on a street that houses "Annie Get Your Gun," "The Play's the Thing," "Private Lives" and a Danny Kaye picture. When will producers learn that certain altogether worthy plays cannot be done in the ordinary helter-skelter Broadway set-up merely because they are worthy?

I have had an opportunity now to read the script of "Summer and Smoke." It is sensitive, evocative and frequently lovely. Because Williams feels more truly than he thinks, the play has dramatic weaknesses—a certain elusiveness that amounts to vaporousness—which I tried to define in my original review.

Reading "Summer and Smoke," the faults of the production become even more strikingly evident than they were on seeing the play. The production is an accident. It lacks point. It is without real body—intellectually and even emotionally. The two principal actors (Margaret Phillips and Tod Andrews) are endowed with fine natural qualities —this is particularly true of Miss Phillips—but they are not really *used* except to play the most obvious aspect of their parts. We are led to think of the central characters as a "cold" girl and a passionate boy, an utter misconception—almost a distortion—of the text.

Margo Jones is apparently one of those directors who believes that to "interpret" a play one has merely to choose able actors who are the right "types" and then set it down on the stage so that it may speak for itself. If it were possible to do this with any good play there would really be no pleasure or need for the theatre at all. To be effective and meaningful in the theatre all plays must actually be given creative *translation*: the dramatist's words must become flesh in the actors. The two substances are not identical.

Despite the shortcomings of the play and its production, "Summer and Smoke" is a success because it is the only new play this season that addresses its audience in a truly human speech on intimate matters rarely treated on our mechanistic stage.

HAROLD CLURMAN

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RADIO

The Big Scoreboard

RADIO AND TELEVISION were committed to cover the elections this year from Hell to breakfast—and breakfast it turned out to be. When the tabulating settled down into an endurance test, the broadcasters were equal to the job. All through Tuesday night and Wednesday morning, until Dewey conceded, the networks were on the air. So were hundreds of individual stations throughout the country. It was excellent public service. It was also magnificent proof of the fact—often denied by the broadcasters themselves —that radio and television are inevitably responsible to their audiences.

Only once before, to my knowledge, did radio do itself that proud. When FDR died, radio was unprepared. But schedules were junked, and the air was devoted for four days and nights to the reflection of a people's feelings. Now, again, the time logs were tossed into the wastebasket. The press couldn't possibly give the people of this country the kind of exciting, minute-by-minute news expected from radio.

At this writing, radio and television are still too busy counting electoral-ballot noses in obscure counties to stop to tabulate the cost of this year's Election Day coverage. And costs were

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enormous, despite sponsorship. But no matter how high the bills, the broadcasters may decide they have not paid too dearly for the public appreciation they earned.

I spent Tuesday night and most of Wednesday morning around the network headquarters. I also dropped into several local stations. At one of these—WNEW—I found a total of nine commentators and announcers on the air at two a.m. "Milkman's Matinee" could go soak its bottles, despite the fact that its spot-announcement sponsors would have to get rebates. Martin Block wasn't spilling commercials between records; he was covering the election in his own peculiar (and, to me, silly) fashion by getting people like Claudette Colbert and Barbara Stanwyck on the long-distance telephone and asking them for comments. And what WNEW did was duplicated by non-network people everywhere.

There was an impressive atmosphere of responsibility around the major networks. The brass was on the job—from Ed Murrow and H. V. Kaltenborn to William L. Shirer and Walter Winchell. The business-office bigwigs were there too. Network presidents were seeing it through, and there was no question of curbing the desire of the men nearest the microphones to keep reporting the details.

In establishing this record for itself, broadcasting proved that the microphone, in a sense, is a two-way instrument. The broadcaster cannot hear the listener, but in a crucial moment he can feel the listener's reactions—and when the dialer at home really insists that the radioman do a particular job, there is no backtalk. I hope we remember that lesson along with the fact that, in this instance, bouquets, not brickbats, are in order.

I don't think television's cameras added a great deal to radio's microphones. It may have been interesting for a viewer at home to see Drew Pearson in his Lee hat, or to look at the scoreboard where the state-by-state reports were being chalked up. But when you had seen that much once, the novelty palled. What you were interested in was not Elmer Davis' handsome profile, nor George Gallup's wrinkled brow, but in what these men had to say. For that, a microphone was enough.

Television did a superb job reporting the national political conventions, bringing the kind of live reportage that the older, aural medium could not undertake by itself. But this time the real job was radio's. What was needed, perhaps, was greater mobility on the part of the camera—to take it into people's homes, move it around on the streets, focus it on the face of Tom Dewey as the night wore on and predictions that had been so rosy became ever more foggy.

Television did not build up that kind of performance. I am not blaming the televisers; they are not yet equipped to work that freely. But until they can ramble around with their eyes wide open at a time like this year's election night, the televisers must stay in second place when it comes to straight reportage.

A publicity man for Coca-Cola pulled a scoop. He had some pages bring cases of the beverage into the huge network election-night counting rooms. Nature did the rest. The telltale bottle kept popping up on the television screen all night long.

There were no television cameras at the Progressive Party headquarters, although there were some wonderful shots there. . . . Posterity might also be interested in noting that, at 10 o'clock on election night, the table-model television receiver in the office of C. B. ("Beanie") Baldwin, campaign manager for Wallace, was tuned to a boxing match. (Neither Wallace nor Baldwin was there at the time.)

Mutual's news vice-president, A. A. Schecter, got himself worldwide publicity. He invited all the foreign broadcasters—BBC, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, Radiodiffusion Française, Radio Belgrano (Argentine)—to use his headquarters for their coverage. It made excellent service to the world and was smart radio showmanship. SAUL CARSON

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NEW REPUBLIC

MOVIES: Only Make-Believe

THE PUNCTILIO of the democratic conscience is thoroughly demonstrated by Ray Milland in "Sealed Verdict," a film which is none the less a confusing and dramatically deflated chronicle of American justice in action.

As the prosecuting attorney in a German war-crimes trial, Major Milland sends to the gallows a Junker officer convicted of atrocities against civilians. After the verdict he begins to have qualms. His superiors congratulate him on a slick piece of legal acrobatics, his star witness appears to have suffered from hysterical vengefulness, and the defense's character witness—a chic young lady from Pétain's Paris—seems on closer acquaintance to be less sullied than her couturier's wardrobe would suggest. The major's scruples threaten to embarrass an already delicate Military Government situation and he comes close to getting himself cashiered for operating outside of channels and fomenting a demonstration by the Nazi underground.

As it turns out, the heroics are needless; the attorney is convinced to the hilt that there has been no error when characters whose guilt he had come to question begin suddenly to shout praises of Hitler and Goering and to confess all manner of unsuspected excesses. He is also brought around, by evidence that seemed insubstantial, to the idea that his victim's champion (Florence Marly) will make him a dandy American wife.

There is nothing wrong, or basically undramatic, about showing the lengths to which an honest man will go to resolve his doubts, but the idea falls flat in "Sealed Verdict" because the data of Milland's uncertainties are no better than tricks rigged up to make a problem where none exists. And the truth that eludes us in Germany is of a more subtle order than establishing whether or not a certain prisoner treasures a certain letter from Hitler. Paramount must still think of the German mission in terms of rooting out hydrophobic swastika wavers, but any sergeant in the Adjutant General's office could tell it that the unreconstructed ex-enemy does not display such conveniently overt symptoms.

There is a subplot in the film which, while it has little to do with the case, proves conclusively the power of mother love; otherwise the picture is as frustrating as treadmills are apt to be.

Ray Milland's performance, like most he turns in, is serious and free of the eye-catching mannerisms the movies allow too many of their expensive players to develop. He has a quiet way of making himself seem a likely person for the job he is supposed to be doing. Norbert Schiller, as the vindictive and unscruplous witness, portrays the first admission I have seen on the screen that Hitler's victims were not always purified by suffering. He suggests the kind of problem the picture could have tackled if it had felt like working.

There are more improbabilities to the running foot in "Hollow Triumph" than a spectator should be asked to accept even in a psychological thriller. It is all about how Paul Henreid, having knocked over a gambling house, attempts to hide from its remorseless owner by appropriating the practice, secretary (Joan Bennett) and mistress of a prominent analyst who looks just like him, except for a scar. The resemblance is one of those really striking ones the movies achieve by having one actor play both roles.

If you can believe that this brilliant crook would (1) attempt so dubious a holdup, (2) dispose of his double's body by dumping it, fully clothed, into the river, (3) duplicate the distinguishing scar by carving up the wrong side of his own face and (4) pal around with the said victim's closest friends without having the misplaced disfigurement noticed, you can, like the Duke of Wellington's unhappy

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petitioner, believe anything. "Hollow Triumph" is worse than nonsense; it is pretentious nonsense.

In terms of its own aims and limitations, there is nothing to be objected to in "Apartment for Peggy." It is a wholesome, tender, sometimes funny picture about a GI couple at college and a lovable old professor. Jeanne Crain and William Holden are bright and serious, as the best young people should be; Edmund Gwenn is the retired scholar who contemplates suicide until his new friends move into his house and reawaken his heart. He plays with the attention to fussy detail and the crusty sentimentality that have made him a leading contender for the post of America's pet eccentric.

But the plot of "Apartment for Peggy" is about how a couple expecting a baby need desperately a place to live so that they can start off together decently and usefully, and Hollywood, by solving the problem in fiction, makes it that much harder to solve in fact. You leave the film a little amused, a little tearful and considerably relieved. The next time you see a headline about the incidence of tuberculosis or divorce in trailer camps you may remember vaguely that something has been done about it. But nothing really has—it's just "Apartment for Peggy" you remember.

There is no conscious villain behind fantasies like "Apartment for Peggy"; wish-fulfillment is good box office. But the result is that to no little extent we are being offered the screen for the deed. In one way, the finest thing about "The Snake Pit," reviewed here last week, was that it worked no magic cures on a sick society.

That excellent, though somber and Communist-oriented, melodrama of Italy's sorrows, "Tragic Hunt," has had its name legally changed to "Woman Hunt." True enough, a woman is hunted in it—hunted to her death, in fact. But I doubt that the distributors want the new title to convey precisely that suggestion.

ROBERT HATCH

TO THE READERS OF THE NEW REPUBLIC

IT IS TRUE that this little man does his share of worrying about the problems of the world. (In fact, he has even tried to find out what *existentialism* means.) But right now he is concerned with the very practical and personal problems of Christmas: what to give Aunt Etta, Uncle John, and Little Billy the Butch.

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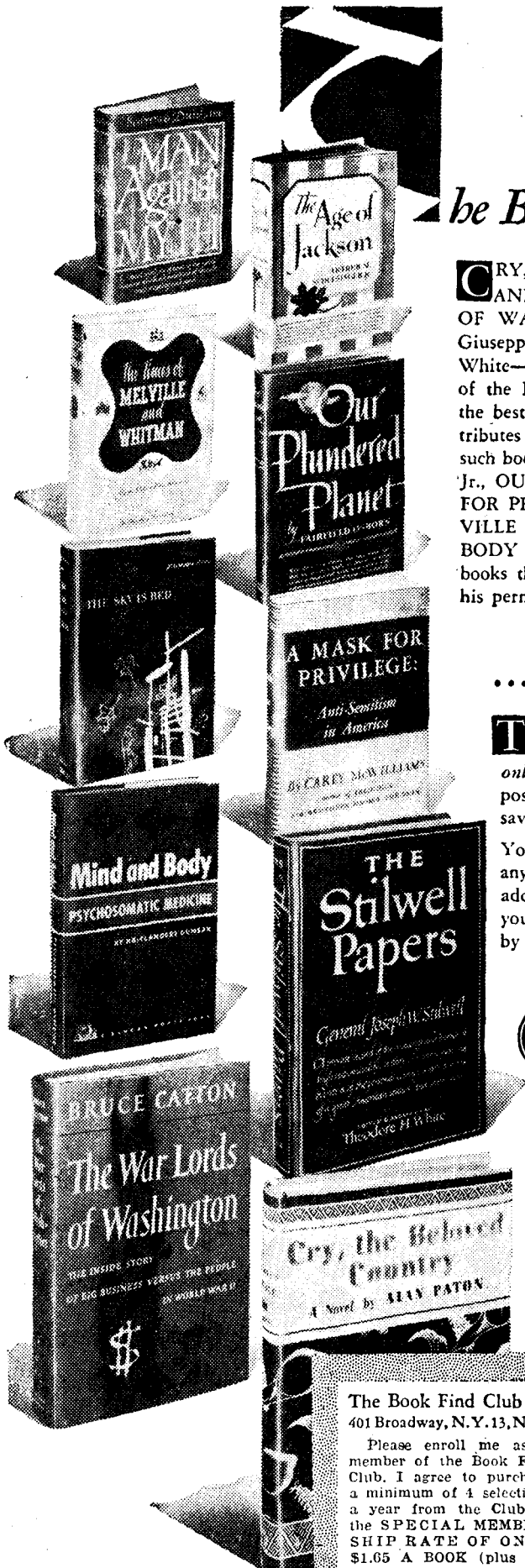

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